The Outlook

Vol. 64 March 3, 1900 No. 9

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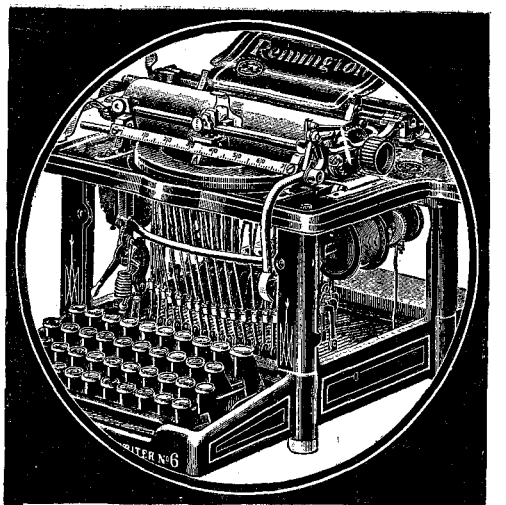

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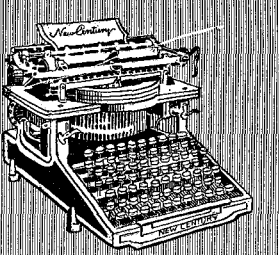

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The Outlook

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Congress: The Puerto Rican Tariff Defended

The Puerto Rican tariff debate in the House of Representatives last week was made exceptionally interesting by the fact that party lines on both sides were broken, and that no one was confident what the outcome would be. Fully a score of Republicans were outspoken in their opposition to a tariff upon imports from Puerto Rico, while about half as many Democrats—representing sugar, tobacco, and fruit growing districts—were confessedly in favor of the protectionist measure. If all of these men voted as they talked, the result would be close, and no one could tell how tight party lines would in the end be drawn. The argument for the bill was best set forth in the speeches of Chairman Payne and Mr. Dalzell, of the Ways and Means Committee. Mr. Payne said that the bill originally drafted by his Committee had provided for free trade with Puerto Rico, but that General Davis, the Military Governor of the island, had made it clear to the majority that in the absence of a tariff upon trade with the United States the necessary revenues for the province could not be raised. The majority of the Committee had, therefore, placed upon all goods shipped between Puerto Rico and the United States a tariff amounting to one-fourth of our ordinary tariff duties, and had provided that this tariff both on shipments to Puerto Rico and shipments from Puerto Rico should be paid into the treasury of that province. In this way the Committee expected to provide $1,750,000 a year to extend education and establish public works in the island. Such a tariff, he said, imposed no hardship upon Puerto Rican producers, since their shipments of tobacco to this country would pay only 9 cents a pound as against the 35 cents paid upon tobacco shipped from other countries, and their shipments of sugar would pay but $7.50 a ton as against the $30 paid upon sugar imported from other countries. The remission of 26 cents a pound from previous duties upon Puerto Rican tobacco and $22.50 a ton from the previous duties on Puerto Rican sugar would add $2,300,000 a year to the incomes of the Puerto Ricans producing these articles. Mr. Dalzell brought out clearly the constitutional argument in support of the proposed tariff. The Constitution of the United States, he said, was established by the people of the United States for the United States, and he recalled Webster's argument that the Constitution did not extend over the acquired territory of Florida until Congress so provided. Mr. Dalzell protested against free trade with Puerto Rico, on the ground that this concession would involve free trade with the Philippines.

❀

The Puerto Rican Tariff Attacked

The argument against the proposed tariff was perhaps best presented by Mr. Richardson, the Democratic leader, and by Mr. Littlefield, of Maine, one of the Republican protestants against unequal taxes for territories not represented in Congress. Mr. Richardson's argument was largely constitutional. It made no difference, he said, whether or not the Constitution extended to newly acquired territories without Congressional action. Congress was now entering upon the government of such a territory, and in governing it Congress was bound by the provisions of the Constitution. The pending bill, he declared, violated not only the spirit of these provisions, but the letter of one of them, which stipulates that all duties shall be uniform throughout the United States. The proposal to levy unequal duties in a portion of the United States was not a measure of expansion,

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but was imperialism in its baldest form. Mr. Littlefield's argument took up in detail the financial considerations urged by Chairman Payne. It was not true, he contended, that Puerto Rico was in need of the duties proposed. Since 1873, he said, the people of the island had paid off a loan of $12,000,000 incurred in emancipating her slaves, and their present exigencies only required that they be authorized to raise another loan of $3,000,000 or $4,000,000. All that the people of Puerto Rico asked was "a stable government and 'hands off.'" Proceeding to the political aspects of the measure, Mr. Littlefield urged that the placing of a tariff upon lumber shipped from Maine to Puerto Rico or upon tobacco shipped from Puerto Rico to Maine was inconsistent with the theory of protection, and would plainly injure industry in both sections. If a tariff is imposed to protect the industries of the United States against those of Puerto Rico and the Philippines, those islands could never prosper. Each of them would remain "an orange to be squeezed," and their people "hewers of wood and drawers of water for the people of the United States." Our flag, he concluded, ought to remain everywhere the emblem of "human rights guaranteed by the Constitution, not dependent upon the evanescent will of legislatures." Mr. Littlefield's address was warmly applauded by many of his fellow-Republicans as well as by the Democrats. The Outlook does not stand with Mr. Littlefield in his opposition to the constitutional right of Congress to impose a tariff on the Puerto Ricans, but we are heartily in accord with him in his protest against the tariff as a policy; for we believe that the American spirit requires that we regard the wishes of the inhabitants of Puerto Rico, and that justice and expediency confirm their judgment in favor of free trade. On Monday night a Republican conference agreed to amend the bill by fixing the rate at fifteen instead of twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley tariff, limiting its operation to two years, and entitling the bill a relief measure for Puerto Rico.

❀

The Quay and Clark Cases The Senate last week, by a vote of 34 to 28, displaced other business to take up the case of Senator Quay. As more than half of the Democratic Senators voted in favor of taking up the case, Senator Quay's opponents claim that this vote in no way foreshadows the final result; but Senator Quay's champions, on the other hand, assert that several Senators who did not wish the case taken up will finally vote to seat their former colleague. The fact that the seating of Senator Quay would make imperative the seating of a Democratic Senator, to be appointed by the Governor of Delaware, makes partisan considerations of little weight. As to Senator Clark, of Montana, the chances now are that the Senate will try to maintain its dignity by excluding him from membership. Certainly the testimony recently submitted ought to have that effect. Senator Clark himself testified to the expenditure of over one hundred thousand dollars to purify Montana politics by defeating the corruptionists arrayed against him, and Senator Clark's son testified to the expenditure of $25,000 more in the same laudable effort. Both of these gentlemen, of course, claimed that all of this money was used in perfectly legitimate ways, as Montana politics demanded from candidates a scale of expenditure unknown in the East. It was not, however, this testimony which produced the profound impression upon the committee examining the case, but the statement of one of the Judges of the Montana Supreme Court that his physician, a partisan of Senator Clark, had twice presented to him the proposition that he should earn $100,000 by deciding in favor of Senator Clark's attorney, Wellcome, in the disbarment case, or by resigning from the bench before the case was decided. The physician in question confirmed this testimony in all its essential features, tendering only the lame excuse that his proposal was merely a joke to test his friend's honesty.

❀

Army Reform Secretary Root has now put into practical form some of the suggestions contained in his recent able report with regard to the reorganization of the army. He has prepared a bill embracing these reforms, which is now before Congress. In his letter to the Military Committee the Secretary of War states that this bill is designed to provide

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for improvements entirely outside of such further action as Congress may elect to take with regard to fixing the permanent size of the army. As to the artillery force, however, an increase is recommended as necessary to carry out the existing plan of coast defense, and the plan offered would ultimately place nearly eighteen thousand men in this arm of the service, which now contains only seven thousand. General Merritt, in his recent report, earnestly urged an increase in the artillery, and we think there are no military experts who do not agree that our present plan of coast defense and fortification is absurd, in that it provides no adequate means for manning and working the military machinery already provided, or to be furnished soon. Secretary Root's bill establishes two distinct artillery branches—one for the field, one for the coast defense. A large part of the bill is occupied with providing such a combination of the present line and staff that hereafter promotions may be made in the line for special merit or gallantry by selection, without doing injustice to others, as often happens under the present rotation of promotion. With the same general object in view, officers from the line will be detailed for duty in the Adjutant-General's and Inspector-General's departments, and by intelligent rotation a body of officers will be trained capable of performing the duties of chiefs of staff in war-time. In other departments a sensible system of filling vacancies and of rotation in duty between line and staff is directed by the bill. Provision is made for a just system of retiring officers, so that they may suffer no financial loss by reason of any changes. This bill deals by legislation with one phase of reform deemed by Secretary Root necessary for the army. Another step in advance has been taken without legislation by his order establishing an Army War College similar to the Naval College now at Newport. General Ludlow, whose services at Havana are so generally recognized, is to be the first President of the War College, and a Board has been formed to aid him in working out the details of the plan. It is probable, although not certain, that the College will be established at Governor's Island in New York Harbor, and that the first session will be held this summer. Its main objects as described by Secretary Root are to devise harmonious and effective co-operation of all the military forces of the United States, including an instructed reserve, to provide for army and navy co-operation by cultivating close relations with the Naval War College, and to enlarge the course of the Military Academy. Among the specific topics to be studied are: the welfare and efficiency of the service, its organization, administration, armament, equipment, transportation, supplies, mobilization, concentration, distribution, preparations, plans of campaign, etc.

❀

The Philippines It has now been announced that of the President's new Philippine Commission three members have been definitely selected in addition to the head of the Commission, Judge Taft, a brief sketch of whom will be found elsewhere in this issue. The other members, so far as selected, are: Professor Dean C. Worcester, who has served with great credit on the former Philippine Commission, and, as our readers know, is the author of a book on the Philippines which is regarded as the best authority on the islands; General Luke E. Wright, a Tennessee lawyer of ability, a veteran of the Civil War and a friend of Judge Taft; Henry C. Ide, a Vermont lawyer who has also been prominent in politics, and is best known as the Chief Justice of Samoa in the year 1891–2; and Professor Bernard Moses, who has for fourteen years held the chair of History and Political Economy in the University of California, and is the author of several works relating to political history. From the Philippines there has been little news of consequence within the last two or three weeks. The repeated press reports that a test case was to be brought before a military commission in Manila, under which a Filipino taken in arms would be charged with murder and intent to kill, altogether lacks official confirmation, and it seems incredible that such an action should be contemplated without a previous widely published announcement that the war, as a war, was at an end, and that henceforth persons resisting the authority of the United States would be regarded as brigands. No such announcement has been

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made, and, in point of fact, reports differ as to the number of Filipinos now in arms in any one body; certainly, official reports only two or three weeks ago spoke of a body of 3,000 insurgents gathered in one place. The bubonic plague still exists in Manila. A despatch of February 17 states that 51 cases have been reported, of which 42 proved genuine, while there had been at that date 32 deaths, about half being Chinamen.

❀

Beach-Mining in Alaska The discovery of gold on the beach at Cape Nome, Alaska, occurred comparatively late in the season last summer, and did not cause, therefore, more than a local stampede in that direction, though a village sprang up in a few weeks near the beach. There is every indication that thousands will flock to Alaska this summer, attracted by stories of the ease with which, it is alleged, gold may be found in the sands of the seashore, where its presence was not expected. This fact, however, raises interesting and difficult questions which have never come up before concerning our mineral lands. The ordinary mineral laws of the United States which have been extended over Alaska do not apply to this case, while the homestead laws enacted by the last Congress, and for which Alaska has been so long clamoring, only create new difficulties. The vital question concerns the use of the beach between the high and the low water marks. No fee-simple can be given for the use of the beach for mining or other purposes, because the United States simply holds the beach, with all rights unimpaired, until Alaska becomes a State. The Homestead Act of 1898, providing for the right of way for railroads in the district, exempted from sale the land between high-water and low-water mark, and also provided for a roadway sixty feet in width parallel to the shore or high-water line and as near to it as practicable. No one dreamed at that time that this roadway, as well as the tidal lands, might include some of the richest mineral lands in Alaska. There is still another difficulty. Miners are asking the privilege, not only of mining across this roadway and between the high and low water marks, but of carrying their work beneath the waters, beyond the low-water mark. This brings them in conflict with a decision of the United States Supreme Court which maintained conclusively that the three-mile limit below the tide-water, held to be under the jurisdiction of the sovereign by modern and even ancient usage, is a basin reserved for the public and cannot be used for any other purpose than for fishing and for navigation.

❀

The Lacey Mining Bill The possibility of 25,000 miners on the shores of Alaska this spring digging gold in violation of the laws of the United States, with no legal protection for their individual claims, threatens most serious complications. Mr. Lacey, the Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands in the House, has, in conference with Commissioner Hermann, of the Public Land Office, introduced a bill to meet these difficulties, and expects to secure early consideration. As drafted, it permits claims to be located from the line of high tide across the sixty-foot roadway and at right angles to it, and that no claim shall exceed forty feet in width. It grants the right to mine, as an easement, the tide lands, should there be any, abutting the claim on the shore line. It carefully provides, however, that the title granted shall not be a fee, but a miner's right only, which shall terminate when the land shall be included in any State, or before that time if it shall be satisfactorily shown that the claim no longer contains sufficient mineral to justify its working as a mining claim. Provision is made for a roadway across each claim of sufficient width for a public highway. Permission is given for working soil beneath the waters below low-water mark as far out as the jurisdiction of the United States extends, the claims to be recorded by reference to visible monuments on the shore. This permission comes in conflict with the decision of the Supreme Court referred to, and it is somewhat doubtful whether it can be enacted. These privileges or easements are made subject to all existing rights of commerce, navigation, wharfage, and fisheries. To prevent the location of a vast number of claims by power of attorney, as was done last summer, the bill requires that the location shall be made in person, or, if made by a corporation, by its agent.

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Consular Reform Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister, seems rapidly coming to the front as a notable speaker. We have already called attention to his remarkable address on consular reform at the dinner of the American Asiatic Society. On Washington's birthday, at the dedication of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, he delivered another address on the same subject. It should be borne in mind that Chinese customs, manners, language, and mode of education are not similar to those elsewhere in the world, consequently the Orientals think and act in many ways entirely differently from other men under similar circumstances. To judge of the action of an Asiatic by an American or European standard is a mistake. The Minister declared that he had seen costly litigation carried on for months in law courts between Chinese and Europeans, wholly through misunderstanding. He had even seen bloody wars arise from the same cause. In those cases each nation felt that it had been insulted, each was tenacious in its own opinion, each judged the other from its own standpoint. If the points of difference had been properly explained, the matters in dispute could have been amicably arranged. One of our first requisites, therefore, towards maintaining proper relations with the Orientals is to understand their ideas and to judge them, not by our standards, but by theirs. While Wu Ting Fang acknowledges that, considering their disadvantageous position, our consular officers in China have thus far acquitted themselves fairly well, he suggests that we adopt the system of European Governments, which send young men to China to learn the language and to study the customs of the country; after a residence of two or three years, when they prove themselves proficient, after passing a strict examination, they are placed in responsible positions, such as student-interpreters or consular assistants. Merit is rewarded by promotion. Thus those Governments now have competent men specially fitted for service in Asia. The address was aptly timed, as the University of Pennsylvania had announced that it would establish a special school of commercial and diplomatic training, intended to qualify students for business employment or for public service in the East. Wu Ting Fang therefore hoped that in future all Americans who go to Asia in commercial pursuits or in the diplomatic and consular service will have had a training in some school of a similar standing. Almost coincidently with the delivery of this speech, however, came the news that Congress had ignominiously shelved the excellent Consular Reform Bill. Progress is discernible, nevertheless; years ago there would have been a victory of the doctrine of spoils service, and the bill would have been rejected by a great majority instead of being merely "shelved" as at present. The next time it comes up for action we are confident that it will be accepted. The American people are too advanced in civilization longer to be misrepresented by their agents in foreign countries.

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Fraudulent Voting in Philadelphia The work done by the Municipal League and the Prohibitionists of Philadelphia in exposing registration frauds made the city election last week less disgraceful than any for several years. In Pennsylvania the personal registration of voters is not required, and the payment of a poll tax constitutes practically the sole qualification for voters. This year, after the usual custom, the Republican City Committee sent to the Receiver of Taxes long lists of typewritten names supposed to represent citizens who applied to the Committee to pay their poll taxes. Owing to the agitation of the reform organizations, the Receiver was compelled to allow these lists to be inspected, though not until the Republican Committee had withdrawn those from three of the wards in which the greatest frauds were expected. Of the twenty thousand applications that remained, says "City and State," all but 2,557 were rejected as illegal or invalid. Unfortunately, however, the tax receipts issued prior to the election last fall could be used at the election last week, so that a large fraudulent vote could still be polled. Just how large it was we have no means of estimating, but it certainly fell far short of the 80,000 fraudulent votes which the Philadelphia "Record" alleges to have been polled in other recent elections. The outcome of the election was a substantial triumph for the Munici-

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pal League. There were sixteen magistrates to be elected, of whom the majority party was entitled to ten, and the minority to six. The Republicans of course elected the ten allotted to the majority; but the Municipal League elected four of the minority representatives, and the Democrats but two.

❀

The Boer War: General Cronje Captured

"General Cronje and all of his forces capitulated unconditionally at daylight, and are now prisoners in my camp. The strength of his force will be communicated later. I hope that Her Majesty's Government will consider this event satisfactory, occurring as it does on the anniversary of Majuba. ROBERTS." This despatch was received in London on Tuesday morning of this week from the Commander of the British army in South Africa. Coming on the date of the British defeat nineteen years ago, it doubly thrilled England and the Empire. On Tuesday of last week Field-Marshal Lord Roberts sent a despatch from Paardeberg, a town on the Modder River about thirty miles east of Jacobsdal—a despatch which referred to the pacification of the Kimberley country, but which also gave the first intimation that he had accomplished a third of the march from Jacobsdal to Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State. As in the march to Jacobsdal and Kimberley, the transport had become the pride, instead of the chagrin, of the army. Some one asked Lord Kitchener a few weeks ago if he was going to reorganize the British transport. "No," he replied; "I am going to organize it." At Paardeberg Lord Roberts had encountered fierce resistance and had fought a battle with General Cronje's forces of ten thousand Boers, defeating them and surrounding them in a part of the river bed two miles long, two hundred feet wide, and about fifty feet deep. For a week the Boer forces were faced, not only on both banks, but also in the front and in the rear, by an enemy four times as great in number. All the highlands were occupied by British artillery, and fifty cannon raked the river bottom. General Cronje's position was made doubly trying by the presence of women and children. With his accustomed humaneness, Lord Roberts had offered a safe conduct to them, but the offer was refused. It is well known that the Boer women are as bold and courageous as are their heroic husbands and fathers. Their persistence in remaining in the laager or camp gives us a new view of Dutch determination and devotion. For ten days General Cronje's forces thus stood at bay against terrible odds. The inflexible bravery which they showed excited admiration everywhere, especially in England itself, where the love of fair play has always been notable. Outside the British lines Boer relieving forces were apparently not massed in sufficient strength to effect General Cronje's deliverance, but at the end of last week a counter stroke was attempted on the British northern outposts. The Boers were repulsed, with heavy loss in killed and wounded. About one hundred prisoners were taken, making a week's total of five hundred Boers captured before the final surrender. So excellent have been the fighting qualities displayed by the colonial contingents during the week that Lord Roberts sent special telegrams to Canada and to Australia calling attention to this fact. This, together with the Field-Marshal's fair treatment of the Boers in Cape Colony, his tactful proclamation to the Boers of the Orange Free State, and his cabled praises of the foreign hospitals at Jacobsdal and Kimberley, may lead Englishmen to recognize that their imperial civilization has no worthier expounder than the man who has now shown himself to be both a statesman and a general.

❀

Ths Boer War: Other Events

In the latter capacity, Lord Roberts's strategy had cleared the way for General Buller's advance. As the only hope of successfully resisting the Field-Marshal's onset lay in quickly concentrating all the Boer commandos, the necessary withdrawal toward Paardeberg of six to ten thousand Boers from the siege of Ladysmith, ten days ago, gave General Buller the coveted opportunity of again crossing the Tugela River. He has done so, and, with persistent fighting night and day against a stubborn resistance, has actually been able to advance thence five miles toward Ladysmith, from

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which his advance guard is now only seven miles distant. The Boers are still massed in considerable numbers about Ladysmith, particularly at Grobelaar Kloof, a point regarded as the key to the situation. They have repulsed a sortie by the Ladysmith garrison, which retired with considerable loss. Though Barkly West, a town northwest of Kimberley, has now been reoccupied by the British, in other parts of South Africa the week witnessed Boer gains. In the siege of Mafeking the Boers are pushing their trenches nearer the town, and are increasing their rifle and shell fire. They have also defeated the Mafeking relief expedition under Colonel Plumer near Gaberones. The Boers have occupied Prieska, and have even issued a proclamation annexing the Prieska district to the Orange Free State. Further south they have inflicted another serious reverse at Molteno upon General Gatacre. During the week the British seized a suspected vessel, the Sabine, with a miscellaneous cargo from New York. The Sabine was taken by a British gunboat to Delagoa Bay. Instructions were given by Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, to Mr. Choate, our Ambassador at London, to call the immediate attention of the British Government to this seizure. The Sabine was promptly released, and Lord Salisbury expressed the hope that there would be no further trouble. The semi-offiicial "Standard," commenting on the event, says: "It is not particularly agreeable to have had to confess to two great powers in the course of a few weeks that we have put ourselves in the wrong and must make reparation. Grave responsibility attaches to those who have so grievously placed the country in a humiliating and undignified situation." An event of the week which called forth greater comment, especially in all the European capitals, was an appeal from the Queen, acting through her private secretary, asking that those who formerly served in the army should again enlist for one year.

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The Supposed Boer Conspiracy

Mr. Cronwright Schreiner, the South African publicist, is the author of an article in the London "Speaker" answering the charge that there was a plot among the Dutch-speaking inhabitants of South Africa to form one great Boer republic from Cape Town to the Zambesi. He declares that it would be difficult to make any statement concerning South Africa more at variance with the facts. The present war finds the Transvaal well armed, but it was only after the Jameson raid that the Transvaal began seriously to arm, and it armed still more seriously after the condonation of Mr. Rhodes by the British Cabinet. "My career is only just beginning," said Mr. Rhodes in a speech at Kimberley after the raid. "Well, then," replied Mr. Kruger, "we'll get more guns." The Transvaal inevitably drew the conclusion that England was not to be trusted, and that an attempt would again be made to take the country by force. The statement that the Transvaal began the present war will not stand honest criticism, claims Mr. Cronwright Schreiner. When England declared that she would formulate her own demands, and in the weeks of silence which followed prepared to despatch more troops to South Africa, a state of war *ipso facto* practically existed.

In Western America, in the early days, when the morals of individuals with regard to killing one another were what those of nations now are, every man carried a pistol in his hip pocket. When a dispute arose between two men, and the one man reached for his hip pocket, the other man was justified in shooting at once. It was simply a matter of who could get his pistol out first. Now, Mr. Chamberlain was reaching for his hip pocket, but Mr. Kruger was too quick, and got his pistol out and fired the first shot.

In an article in another place in this number, Mr James Barnes, the special correspondent of The Outlook in South Africa, presents the opposite and British view as to the Boers' arming. As to whether the Transvaal really desired war, the writer admits that there was probably a war party there, just as there is in every nation; there is no truth, however, in the allegation that the Transvaal wanted war. If so, why did it come down from a fourteen years' prospective franchise to a seven years' entirely retrospective franchise?

"Do you want to fight England?" some one asked Mr. Kruger. "Well," said the astute old man, after the manner of Abraham Lincoln, "I'll answer your question by asking you another. If you were alone, and armed only with a pocket-knife, and met a lion on

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the road, would you attack that lion?" "No," answered his interrogator. "Well," continued Mr. Kruger, "if that lion came to eat you up, and you had no means of escape, wouldn't you fight for your life even though you were armed only with a pocket-knife?" "Yes, certainly I would," replied the questioner. "Well," concluded the President, "that is my position exactly."

If the Transvaal desired peace, so did the Orange Free State. More than any other man, the influence of Mr. Fischer, of the Free State, helped to secure concessions. As to Cape Colony, its present Cabinet, aided by the entire Africander Bond, did all it could to avert war. The Dutch of Cape Colony held nearly two hundred meetings, unanimously in favor of peace. Under the severest strain they have not only remained loyal, but the Republics' life-and-death struggle with a gigantic enemy has, except in the case of overstrained men in the districts actually invaded, failed to stir them to rebellion.

I marvel at the steadfastness of our own burghers; they have remained loyal when their rising would have meant that England could never subdue the country. Have people over here tried to realize that the rising of the Dutch of Cape Colony would have meant that, within two weeks of the ultimatum, the whole of South Africa would have been in the hands of the Dutch? . . . About eighty thousand men, all good riders and splendid shots, would have been added to the Republican forces, and I do not hesitate to say that England would have been faced with a piece of work which she never could have carried through. . . . If the integrity of the Empire has been saved in South Africa, it has been saved by the Dutch British-born subjects of that country, led by sons of the soil, of whatever descent.

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The British Parliament

Last week there was a cessation of the onslaught in Parliament on the British Government because of the Boer war. The success of Lord Roberts has saved the present Cabinet from following the fate of the Aberdeen Cabinet during the Crimean campaign. The principal event of the week was the spirited speech of Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, in defense of his course during the Jameson raid. A motion had been introduced and seconded by two Welsh Radical members demanding a fresh inquiry into the circumstances of the raid, but especially inquiring into the alleged complicity in it of Mr. Chamberlain. The reasons given for reopening this matter were: (1) the inclusive nature of the first inquiry and the consequent widespread dissatisfaction; (2) the strong grounds for suspecting that Mr. Chamberlain and the Colonial Office had prior knowledge of the events leading to the raid. The Colonial Secretary, after endeavoring to show that there was no ground for a second inquiry, declared that, if the matter had not been complicated by political matters and personal animosities, "no man in this House would have said that there was a shadow of ground for such an inquiry. The object of these personal attacks is to prevent me from participating in the Transvaal settlement." He added that whatever was done in hushing up matters was done, not by himself alone, but by the entire Parliamentary committee, which included Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, past and present Liberal leaders in the House of Commons. Sir William Harcourt's rejoinder was particularly pungent in its application, not to Mr. Chamberlain, but to Mr. Rhodes:

On the very face of it, the former committee's report did not find that there had been a full inquiry, as, indeed, there had not been. The suspicions against the Colonial Office were not the work of political adversaries, but rather of men who, for their own objects, stuck at nothing in the way of mendacity, forgery, and fraud. The authors of these suspicions were the agents of Cecil Rhodes. To cover their own guilt they sought to assert the complicity of the Colonial Office. . . . The insurrection was promoted by the foulest frauds. Was there ever anything so abominable as the Rhodes telegram to Jameson, two days before the raid, putting it into his mouth to lie about the objects of the raid? When the Colonial Secretary, after the raid, asked for an inspection of the telegrams, Hawkesley wrote back that this was unnecessary, as the Colonial Secretary knew all. . . . Therefore suspicions were set afloat by the agents of Rhodes, but then there was no suggestion that they were covered by the complicity of the Colonial Office. That is what I want to have shown up. I want the transactions of these men brought to light. Rhodes has deceived everybody.

It cannot be said that Mr. Rhodes's connection with English public life has been made palatable to Englishmen, whether Conservatives or Liberals; indeed, the Conservative "Spectator" now calls for a full and free inquiry covering his dealings, since 1892, with the Irish party and with the Colonial Office, but especially covering the political and the

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financial transactions touching the charter of the British South Africa Chartered Company. The motion inquiring into Mr. Chamberlain's connection with the Jameson raid was rejected by a majority of two to one.

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Martinique It is difficult to judge from the meager and confusing reports that have reached this country whether the recent outbreaks in the island of Martinique have been due to race quarrels, to industrial troubles, or to political agitation. Probably all three elements enter into the trouble. The chief manifestation of violence has been in the burning of sugar plantations, and this has followed disputes as to wages. The rioting has been quite serious, and has occurred in several places on several dates; the latest of which we have an account took place on February 9. Race prejudice has undoubtedly been a source of antagonism in Martinique for some time. The basis of the race trouble is the fact that the negro population is greatly superior in numbers to that of the whites, although the blacks have not yet succeeded in Martinique (as they have done in Guadeloupe) in securing the balance of political power. Oddly enough, the debates on this subject in the French Chamber of Deputies and articles in the French papers claim that American political agitators are responsible for the troubles in Martinique. The "Figaro," for instance, asserts that the United States has designs on Martinique, and that the negroes in Martinique hope to imitate their brethren in San Domingo by becoming an independent republic, in which they expect the co-operation of the United States. Of course nothing could be more baseless than such a rumor, and no political importance can be attached to the almost chance visit of an American cruiser to Martinique waters not long ago.

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The American Tract Society As may be imagined, at the present time there is pressing need in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines for evangelical literature in Spanish. In this connection it is interesting to note that the largest single collection of such literature in the Spanish language is issued by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York City. Its publication of Spanish books and pamphlets comprises over three hundred separate titles. It may not be generally known that this Society has printed the Gospel in over a hundred and fifty languages and dialects. Besides its six periodicals, it has issued nearly fourteen thousand distinct books and tracts. It may well recall with pride that on heathen soil it has also transformed native speech into permanent literature. While its great work has been to supplement the work of the missionary by the power of the press, it has carried the printed Gospel, accompanied by the living voice of colporters, into nearly fifteen million homes in our own country—that is, to perhaps seventy-five millions of parents and children. In the words of the Society's last report, "These colporters have sought out the interlying and outlying centers in the newer States and Territories, and the camps of the miner and the lumberman and of the builder of railroads. They have organized Sabbath-schools and prayer-meetings, and have been the forerunners of the home missionary and of churches of all denominations. They have, under God, done much to lay the foundations of the Republic in righteousness." The Society has also ministered to the sick in hospitals, to the inmates of prisons and asylums, to our soldiers and sailors, to the unchurched in the cities, and especially to immigrants for whom no adequate supply of clergymen is available; for these immigrants the Tract Society provides missionaries and books in their several tongues. In common with all the missionary and religious societies of the same age, many of which were designated as "American," the Tract Society is suffering for lack of means; as its report says, however, "Which of all our denominational Boards or Societies has not within the last decade been compelled at times to retrench and to appeal to its friends to remove the burden of a heavy debt?" With the opening of the present year, the American Tract Society completes three-quarters of a century of life. During this period it has been, and is, an important factor in the religious development first of our own country, but also in that of many another country.

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Dr. Birch Appeals

Last week we chronicled the fact that the Presbytery of the city of New York had voted to drop the heresy charges brought by the Rev. Dr. Birch against Dr. McGiffert, Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary. This week we have to record an appeal by the former to the General Assembly, the highest judicature of the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Birch might have appealed to the Synod of New York State, but as that body does not meet until next year, definite action would have been deferred; again, as the matter would probably have been referred to the General Assembly in any event, it was well to have it come to action as soon as possible. The Assembly meets in May at St. Louis. Dr. Birch's appeal is, of course, presented on his personal responsibility, and has nothing to do with his office as Stated Clerk of the Presbytery. It will be remembered that the Assembly of 1898 received overtures from the Pittsburg Presbytery, enumerating practically the same errors in Professor McGiffert's book, "A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age," as those brought to view by Dr. Birch's charges. The Assembly acknowledged the errors, and advised Dr. McGiffert to withdraw from the Presbyterian communion, if he could not conform to its opinions. The Union Professor replied that there was a misapprehension on the part of the Assembly as to the views expressed in his book. While the Assembly of 1899 gave him credit for sincerity, it also declared that his opinions justified the interpretations put upon them. It also laid down four fundamental Presbyterian doctrines: (1) The inspiration of Holy Scripture; (2) the deity of Jesus Christ; (3) his institution of the Holy Communion; (4) the Confession of Faith and Holy Scripture concerning the justification of the believer before God. Enjoining every Presbyter to defend these doctrines, it referred the McGiffert case to the New York Presbytery. That body, at its recent meetings, disavowed the McGiffert teachings, but advised against a heresy trial. Dr. Birch regards these proceedings as inadequate, and appeals to the court of last resort. On March 12 the New York Presbytery meets, and the appeal will then be sent to the General Assembly.

Mrs. Humphry Ward and the English Church

An interesting correspondence has been going on in the columns of the Liverpool "Post" on the subject of scientific study in the Anglican Church. The most notable letter is the one from Mrs. Humphry Ward, the well-known author. She asks "A Curate," who has taken part in the correspondence, whether he ever grappled first-hand with any problem of historical testimony, such as the miracles of Martin of Tours, or those of Thomas of Canterbury; whether he had inquired into the reasons why many educated people find it impossible to accept the first chapters of Matthew and Luke as serious history; whether he had ever worked through the chapters in Strauss, Keim, or Schürer, dealing with the birth stories; above all, whether he had ever read and weighed such a book as Holtzmann's "Handkommentar." Germany, avers Mrs. Ward, still possesses the only scientific and fully organized study of theology in Europe. As a remedy for popular ignorance in England, she suggests the establishment of a Broad Church Union in each town for lay study, in which such works should be taken up as Harnack's "History of Dogma," Caird's "Evolution of Religion," Schürer's "Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ," Hausrath's "New Testament Times," and Gardner's "Exploratio Evangelica." Mrs. Ward holds that through the growth of the modern study of history our generation has come nearer to the original facts of Christianity than the generations between us and the Synoptists have ever been; nearer even, it may be, than St. Paul himself. The recovery of the primitive fact; the return to the unchanging realities of conscience, love, and faith; the replacing of the argument from miracle and Scripture and tradition by the argument from moral and personal experience; the argument from the actual effects of Christ's living and dying reenacted within our thought and life—these things, urges Mrs. Ward, are what is meant by that new reformation which may transform Christianity in the twentieth century. She therefore asks for new terms of membership in the Anglican Church—terms which will enable people to remain communicants while still yield-

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ing the assent which their consciences demand of them to certain conclusions of history and criticism in conflict with present creeds and Church articles. The only conditions required, says she, should be a belief in God, a desire to accept Christ as King and as spiritual leader, and a request to be counted among Christians. The relief thus accorded to an educated minority, adds Mrs. Ward, would not in the least interfere with the beliefs of the majority.

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Protestantism in France The department of Correze in southern-central France has long been known as being ignorant of Protestantism, prejudiced against it, and impervious to the proclamation of the Gospel. The village of Madranges, pertaining to the township of Le Lonzac, has been dependent for religious ministrations on the priest of Le Lonzac, seven miles distant. This incumbent formerly said mass twice a month at Madranges, but insisted that the children should come to him three times a week for catechetical instruction at seven o'clock in the morning. After some months of endurance of this hardship, the parents refused to send the children any longer to catechism. Shortly afterwards the priest declared that he would no longer say mass at Madranges, since he was not receiving as much pay as formerly. Again he refused to baptize a child. In vain the villagers asked the bishop to transfer them to another parish. A most touching letter was addressed to the bishop by the women of the place, begging him not to let their community lapse into heathenism; but in vain, for they were deprived of all services for eighteen months. But relief came. The sexton was a good man, who had been reading the Bible for ten years. He taught the catechism to the children, read prayers for funerals, and led a service on Christmas Day. Then, becoming bolder, the people appealed to the Protestant pastor at Brives for a few services. This minister was received with ringing of the church bell, firing of guns, and all possible demonstrations of joy. The interest has gone on increasing. Nearly the whole community attends the Protestant services. There are not less than four hundred decided proselytes, notwithstanding strong efforts of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics to recover their lost influence and authority. All ages and classes have been filled with enthusiasm. Gospel hymns are sung in the fields and on the hillsides. The people buy copies of the Bible and read for themselves. This is much more than a revolt against ecclesiastical tyranny; it is a genuine seeking for salvation in Jesus Christ. A church and manse have been built at Madranges, and the pastor and assistant pastor hold services both there and in eight neighboring villages. The case of Madranges is typical. There are other villages and districts in France in similar condition.

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A Notable Teacher Miss Sarah Porter, who died at her old home in Farmington, Conn., last week, in the eighty-seventh year of her age, bore a memorable part in the development of education for women in this country, and has left a very wide impress upon a great number of students. She came of a typical New England family, was largely trained by her father and in the academy at Farmington, and was from the very start an eager and enthusiastic student, with a strongly marked natural leaning toward mental science, and with a distinct aptitude for history and languages. Her mind was active and catholic in its tastes, and there was no kind of knowledge for which she did not care. After some preliminary experience in teaching in Springfield and Philadelphia, she opened the school at Farmington more than half a century ago, beginning on a small foundation, and relying upon thoroughness and hard work. She continued to teach until she had passed her eightieth year. During that time the narrow basis on which the school rested had been broadened and strengthened until it became one of the best-known schools of its class in the United States. It marked in its earlier stages a distinct advance in educational methods and ideals for women; and although Miss Porter did not attempt to bring it into line with the more recent movement which has carried over most of the schools of its class into the field of preparation for college, she held the school to high ideals of moral responsibility, to a

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keen sense of the necessity of a symmetrical development of mind and character, with a deep appreciation, which has become a tradition of the school, of the value of refined and gracious manners. Good breeding was a part of Miss Porter's educational ideal; its educational importance no less than its social charm are sometimes overlooked in the eagerness for intellectual thoroughness.

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The Value of Birds Entomologists say that the agricultural interests of the United States suffer a yearly loss of two hundred million dollars by the ravages of insects. Nor does this include the damage done to forest and shade trees and to shrubbery. If insects are the natural enemies of vegetation, however, they themselves have natural enemies —the birds. These protect vegetation against insect attacks to a far greater degree than is popularly supposed. It has been calculated that, during the month when the cankerworm-moths crawl up trees, each chickadee has the power to destroy nearly one hundred and forty thousand eggs of the noxious insect. This is but one example of the necessity to protect the little-appreciated allies of the agriculturist. The æsthetic value of birds is, of course, more apparent; their beauty, their gift of song, their often high order of intelligence, and their delightful vivacity are evident to every one. It seems almost incredible that women wantonly cause the destruction of millions of birds every year. Nine-tenths of the total destruction is said to be due to the habit of wearing dead birds, or parts of them, for ornament. It is with much satisfaction, therefore, that we chronicle the appeal to women from the Audubon Society of New York State to refrain entirely from the use of the wings and feathers of wild birds. The wearing of *aigrettes* is especially to be condemned, since these can be procured only by the destruction of the parent birds in the nesting season, and this, of course, entails death by starvation of the helpless young in the nests. It is true that in our own country there are few egrets left to protect, but the war is still carried on in other countries, and will be apparently waged until these beautiful birds are practically exterminated the world over. The Audubon Society's laudable endeavor not only discourages the use of any birds for ornamentation except those of the ostrich and domesticated fowls; it also discourages the destruction of wild birds and their eggs, it disseminates information respecting the economic value of birds, and, in connection with the celebration of Arbor Day, it seeks to establish Bird Day exercises in the schools of the State of New York, thus encouraging the introduction of bird study in schools. At the present moment its most conspicuous work is in the support of an amendment to a section of the game laws of New York State. Under existing conditions it is impossible to obtain conviction under that law. Governor Roosevelt has sensibly recommended that the State should not permit factories to make bird skins or bird feathers into articles of ornament or wearing apparel, and that song-birds should be specially protected. It is hoped that the section will henceforth read: "Wild birds shall not be killed or caught at any time, or possessed, living or dead; *nor shall the plumage or skins or any part of such birds be so possessed.*" If the italicized words be added, convictions can be obtained and offenders punished.

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Armenia From Dr. Raynolds, missionary of the American Board at Van, Armenia, we learn of the outrageous treatment experienced by two women missionaries on their way thither. The missionaries were Miss Wilson, from England, and Miss Barrows, from Connecticut. They were detained at Erzrum by the Vali (Governor) on various pretexts until after winter had set in. Finally the Vali put a guard about the premises, and ordered the gatekeepers of the town to prevent their going out, even for a ride or drive. The American Consul made a complaint, and finally secured an order against further interference. The British and American Consuls and the American Vice-Consul then took the ladies in sleighs and drove continuously for eighteen hours, removing the sleigh-bells as they passed Turkish fortifications. Nevertheless, at every point where there were officials, the Vali telegraphed to have the party stopped, and in one instance guns were drawn on both sides, but no shots were fired. The

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unreasonable delay also caused increased difficulties from the snow and winter weather. On the edge of the Alashgird plains the sleighs had to be left in the snow and the journey continued on horseback over the mountains. It was a miracle that the travelers reached their destination without suffering beyond endurance. Existing treaties give Americans a right to travel in Turkey at pleasure. No charges were preferred against these ladies. This is the second time during the past two years that the Turkish Government has thus treated Americans going into the interior.

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Discussion, Not Abuse

One of the best remedies for pessimism is to turn back the pages of history a century or two and get into the atmosphere of another time. If, for example, one is disheartened, as the man of sensitive mind must be, by the readiness of men to substitute emotion for thought and passion for intelligence, he will do well to read the history of the discussions of Milton's time. He will take heart when he discovers how violent, vituperative, and even malignant many of the good, honest, aspiring spirits of that time were in the expression of their differences from other men equally honest, intelligent, and right-minded. The Elizabethan drama is full of the worst kind of personal abuse; even the kings fall upon each other with loud language, and the ecclesiastics are often little better than blackguards; that was the habit and fashion of the time. There has been a great advance in the amenities of discussion; and this advance is one of morals quite as much as of manners. It registers growth in mutual respect, in a wider vision, and in that tolerance which is born of a kindlier and more intelligent attitude toward others. And yet there is much more to be learned; for there are still men of sincerity and the highest integrity who are peculiarly open to the temptation of believing that the side of a question which they espouse is the only side which can be intelligently or honorably taken, and are not content to denounce what they regard as error, but must attack those who differ with them.

The painful time has come again in this country when men who have stood together for many years are being thrust apart by new cleavages of opinion. During the last year a group of new questions has come to the front; and it is evident that the new century will be compelled to devote its thought largely to the solution of new problems. These new questions present very great difficulties; any attempt to deal with them involves new departures from old ways of thought and action. They cannot be ignored; their existence is no longer debatable; they have passed out of the region of discussion into that of history. It is no longer a question whether the American people are to take up responsibilities beyond the limits of the American continent; those responsibilities have been thrust upon them; the open question for the future regards the manner in which those responsibilities shall be met. What the country needs now is not heat, but light, and it is discouraging to find so many sincere and right-minded men bringing to this discussion no light, but an abundance of heat. Nothing will be gained, and much will be lost, by the attempt to call the anti-expansionists traitors on the one side, or to call those who do not see any way of avoiding expansion greedy money-seekers. Every ounce of intellectual and moral energy spent in abuse is not only lost, but contributes to the confusion of ideas which so widely prevails, and therefore to the obscuration of the real things at issue. That men who believe deeply should feel deeply is natural and noble; but deep feeling ought not to find expression in abuse or misrepresentation.

It is not easy to understand why so many men lose their temper whenever the question of the right of the English or the Boer in the South African war comes to the front. The situation is a peculiarly perplexing one, and much is to be said on both sides; it is a matter in which sentiment is very likely to take the place of a clear recognition of the facts, and a regard for names to be substituted for a regard for realities. It is a question which calls for intelligence, but a great many seem to have brought only their passions to its settlement; and the press of the country, which, as a whole, has been notably temperate and moderate in its discussions, is filled with letters stamped with the utmost bitterness. It is not necessary, in order

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to sympathize with the Boers, to hate the English, and to indulge in tirades based on a misreading and a misrepresentation of history. Nor, on the other hand, is it necessary, in order to sympathize with the English, to class all the Boers together under one offensive description. It is not an American question, and yet the vials of wrath are poured out as if the fate of the country were at stake.

The function of a minority is not to abuse the majority, but to curb its excesses, correct its errors, and, if possible, modify its action. Those who believe that expansion involves a violation of the principles on which the American State rests ought to know the American people well enough to substitute educational discussion for personal abuse; and those who believe that expansion is desirable or inevitable ought to be sufficiently familiar with the American temper to give their opponents a fair hearing and credit them with the average amount of common sense. The country needs clear intelligence and sanity of judgment from men of all parties. No questions have ever been presented to the American people which ought to appeal less to passion, and which need clearer and cooler investigation. If mistakes are likely to be made, they can best be avoided by reaching the judgment of the majority, not by accusing it of a simple desire to grab and devour. In the judgment of many who shrink from the new responsibilities but who see no honorable or courageous escape from them, a new historical movement is beginning to show itself, which it is idle to resist, but which it is necessary to control. Those who refuse to recognize this movement, and regard it as an unjustifiable expression of selfishness, will do well to recall the noble words of Burke written at the close of his eloquent arraignment of the French Revolution: "If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope, will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate."

The great change in human affairs which Burke seemed to feel approaching in the face of his eager opposition is still making itself felt; it is better to meet new movements with an open mind than with a passionate resistance.

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What Social Democracy Stands For

The article describing a visit to some German Social Democrats which we publish on another page brings out graphically some of the forbidding aspects of the Social Democratic movement. With such a picture of the leaders before us, it seems at first almost incomprehensible that over two million voters should give their allegiance to the cause which these leaders represent. In our own history, however, may be found analogies to this phenomenon. With us, it is true, the influence of Puritanism—which first gave us our democratic institutions and has always peculiarly dominated our radical parties—has kept the leaders of our popular revolts from exhibiting the moral aberrations found among some of Germany's prominent Social Democrats. But so far as personal prestige goes, the leaders of the radical movements in this country have usually had much in common with the leaders of German democracy. Washington, it may be recalled, was one of the few officers in our Revolutionary army who was regarded by the Tories as a gentleman by birth, while the Continental Congress was continually derided as a body of "obscure attorneys," "bankrupt shopkeepers," and "word-spouting cobblers and tinkers who found mending the State an easier and more lucrative job than mending kettles and patching shoes." In an equal degree also the leaders in the anti-slavery movement half a century later were frequently objects of social derision. Mayor Otis characterized Garrison's friends as a handful of "insignificant persons of all colors," while Western Free-soilers were constantly held up to scorn because of the number of communists ("Fourierites"), prohibitionists, infidels, and spiritualists among them. It is practically an essential feature of every radical democratic movement that it should get its support from the poorer and less cultivated classes, and that its supporters, in

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their rebellion against the established order, should frequently be led into revolutionary vagaries.

It is not, however, due to the want of culture among its leaders, and still less is it due to their vagaries, that the German Social Democracy has come to enroll thirty per cent. of the voters of Germany. In the last campaign its "ultimate" programme for the reconstruction of society was put in the background, and the whole emphasis of the movement was put upon the "immediate programme" which for years it has championed. This immediate programme is singularly free from doctrines which do not commend themselves to at least thirty per cent. of the people of America. The main points, taken in their order, are as follows:

1. Equal suffrage; short-time (two years) legislatures; payment of representatives.

2. Direct legislation; elected magistrates; local popular government.

3. Universal military education; substitution of militia for standing army; arbitration.

4. Abolition of laws against the freedom of the press and the freedom of association.

5. Abolition of laws against the equal rights of women.

6. Separation of Church and State.

7. Free education, higher as well as elementary; compulsory elementary education.

8. Free administration of the law and free legal assistance; an elected judiciary; the abolition of capital punishment.

9. Free medical assistance, and free burial of the dead.

10. Graduated income and property taxes; the abolition of indirect taxes, including customs duties.

These are the ten main points of German Socialism. The factory legislation which it demands in addition to the above programme includes nothing more radical than the eight-hour day, and is, in the main, a transcript of English and American legislation guaranteeing workmen the right to organize, forbidding the employment of children, and guaranteeing to all a full holiday each week. No part of this immediate programme could be characterized as revolutionary in Anglo-Saxon countries.

The Lenten Season

Ash Wednesday marks the beginning of a period of time which is being every year more distinctly set apart for meditation on the things which make for the spiritual life: on self-denial, self-sacrifice, and consecration. It is true that the spiritual life is independent of times and seasons, as it is of places; the man who serves God at all serves him as well on Wednesday as on Sunday, and worships him as truly in a crowded square as in the silence of a church; but the spirit is immensely aided by the association of spiritual ideas and experiences with definite periods of time. The importance of Sunday in the higher civilization of the world cannot be overstated. The fact that on one day in seven, for a great many centuries, and with a very large part of the human race, the associations of the mind and of the hands have been entirely changed, has been perhaps the greatest single educational influence exerted upon men. Whether one keeps Sunday as it ought to be kept or not, the day is now so freighted with associations that it is almost impossible for a man in a Christian community not to receive some higher influence from it. It is as valuable to the spiritual as to the unspiritual; for while a man may not need the silence and the associations of a venerable cathedral in order to evoke the spirit of worship, he can hardly fail, if he have any sensitiveness, to be benefited by its atmosphere.

Mr. Beecher once said that the real test of society is still to be met; that that test will come when all the material wants of man are supplied, and when wealth in all forms has been accumulated beyond all the dreams of the past. That time is visibly approaching, though we have not yet reached it. Now that science has gone into partnership with business, the possibilities of wealth are practically illimitable. Men are fast becoming magicians, with magical command over the sources of prosperity; it remains to be seen whether they will be the masters or the servants of this immense capital of comfort, ease, and pleasure which they are beginning to accumulate. Society will not go back into barbarism, but it may revert to paganism in its higher forms; that is to say, it may lose touch with the spiritual realities in its passionate

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devotion to mere pleasure. This has already been the history of a good many men who are entirely free from vice, but who, having felt the joy of an active, out-of-door life, are now giving to the body exclusively the one day which ought to be given chiefly to the soul. A man cannot devote his whole Sunday to exercise without robbing his nature of something which it sorely needs. Such a man may preserve himself unspotted from the world, but he cannot find complete and noble self-development. Society needs to cherish the Lenten season, because that season brings it face to face each year with the fundamental facts of human experience, those deeper facts which are not in the least modified by prosperity or adversity, which come to men as men and not as masters of industry; those great experiences which search and try the soul, and in the right use of which a man's spiritual fortunes are bound up. He who cares for the growth of his own life will not treat the Lenten season as a mere formality or religious convention; he will welcome it as a fruitful opportunity of growth; finding in it not only stated times and places of worship, but a constant reminder that the things of the body perish, but the things of the spirit endure; that no man is safe who has not in him the spirit of self-sacrifice and self-surrender; that the life of the soul is always more than the life of the body; and that the true values of every form of possession are to be measured by a spiritual and not by a material scale.

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Inspection of Charities

The recent decision of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York to the effect that Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children are not charitable institutions, and the expression, incidentally, of an opinion that only charitable institutions receiving public funds are subject to inspection by the State Board of Charities, have led to the introduction of two bills in the New York Legislature which have given rise to much discussion. One of these bills provides that Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children shall be subject to visitation, inspection, and supervision by the State Board of Charities; the other provides that charitable institutions, whether or not in receipt of public funds, shall be subject to such visitation, inspection, and general supervision. The opponents of the bills have contended that their enactment would place strictly private charities under the management and control of public authorities, and that this would be a most dangerous invasion of the rights of private citizens, and would certainly, sooner or later, introduce political influences into the management of even private and endowed charities. The State Board of Charities has held that the only question involved was that of inspection, and that inspection was necessary to detect and correct abuses resulting in neglect, cruelty, or moral harm to the inmates of institutions, or in the diversion of funds, given for charitable purposes, to the benefit of other than the intended beneficiaries.

A valuable contribution to the discussion has been made by the State Charities Aid Association. The Board of Managers of this Association, after giving the matter careful consideration, adopted resolutions in favor of State inspection of all charitable institutions, whether under public or private control, and no matter how supported, and also in opposition to vesting in the State Board of Charities, or any similar official authority, any power of direction, control, or management of institutions supported by private charity. The Association proposed amendments to the pending bill, eliminating the word "supervision," and defining the right of visitation as meaning the right of access to the grounds, buildings, books, papers, inmates, officers, and employees, with a right of inspection, inquiry, and investigation, but not including any right of direction, regulation, or control. These amendments were accepted by the State Board of Charities as expressing their views of the purpose of the proposed legislation. Of the hundreds of private institutions in the State, none except the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has objected to inspection by the State Board of Charities. It is to be hoped that the simple and obviously sensible suggestions of the State Charities Aid Association will be adopted, for they remove any ambiguity from the bills, protect the private charities from undue interference, and give to the

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beneficiaries of both public and private charities the important safeguard of State inspection.

The public has a right to know at all times how charitable institutions are conducted, whether publicly or privately supported; this is the most efficient protection against mismanagement and a class of abuses against which inmates of such institutions are powerless to protect themselves.

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Shall I Go to Church?

The question whether or not it is worth while to go to church is perplexing, more or less, not a few intelligent and conscientious men and some intelligent and conscientious women. The negative arguments are of considerable weight. Life is short and busy. Sunday is the only day man has to himself. Its hours are few, and too valuable to be wasted. The questioner is not conscious of getting any good commensurate with the time expended. The sermon does not interest him; it seems to him either an old story, or doubtful disputations about unimportant hypotheses. The worship does not appeal to him, either because he is not of a worshipful nature, or because he thinks he can worship quite as well by himself as in a great congregation. And there appear to him to be other influences in the community which are quite as efficacious in helping him to live the best kind of life as any he finds in any church which is open to him. So he stays away.

There is, nevertheless, another side to this question, and that side we should like to put before the man who does not go to church. We do not anticipate that it will be conclusive; but we should like to have him take it into serious consideration.

The two things necessary to real and efficient life are spirit and body. The body without spirit is dead; but the disembodied spirit is relatively powerless. The great thoughts of a great poet are of no use except to himself, and not of much use to him until he embodies them in words, and not of wide use to others until the compositor has set them up in type and the printer has impressed them on paper. The thoughts of the scholar are of no use to others, and not of much use to himself, until he has interpreted them to another mind in outward expression.

And for this embodiment of the spirit in efficient form the common judgment of mankind agrees that organization is necessary. Individualism is at great disadvantage in a world so highly organized as the modern world. Battles are not won by a mob, each individual fighting under his own captaincy. An army without patriotism is useless if not dangerous, but patriotism cannot defend a country in time of danger unless it is organized into an army. A political machine uninspired by a sincere desire to serve the State is a peril to it; but political aspirations never accomplished great results in a political election without political machinery. Our educational institutions are not above criticism; but it is certain that education would be but a sorry affair if there was no more education than could be furnished in the home; if there were no schools, seminaries, colleges, and universities. The organization of industry has brought with it some perils; but who would wish to go back to disorganized labor—the spinning-wheel and the loom in every house, and the grist-mill turned by hand, as in the East, in every household?

Apply these simple and fundamental principles to the subject matter of what we call religion. Religion is a spirit, though not more so than education and patriotism. The religious organization without the spirit is dead—not more so than the political organization without the spirit of patriotism, or the educational organization without the spirit of wisdom. Is it not equally true that the spirit of religion without embodiment in expression and in religious organization is ineffective and inefficient?

Let it be granted that a great deal of our dogma and many of the creeds are expressions of a faith which no longer exists; that they are false and therefore pernicious; that they are bodies without spirit, and therefore dead, and, like all unburied corpses, noisome: shall we therefore abandon all attempts to give expression to a faith which really does exist? Shall we be wise if we imagine that an unexpressed faith can achieve anything really worth achieving, or even continue to live a conscious life without expression? Let it be granted that some of the hymns

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popular in certain circles as an expression of a pseudo-worship are irreverent doggerel: is that a real reason why we should make no attempt to substitute for them something better? Because we revolt at "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," must we abandon "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross"? There are, unfortunately, too many sermons which are merely literary essays, and poor ones at that, and others that are lectures on philosophy by men who are not philosophers, and still others which are declamations, "sound and fury signifying nothing." Let all that be granted. There are also sermons which are the simple and sincere utterances of devout souls, whose speech is not to be measured by its literary form, but by the spiritual life which pulses through it. Are all to be classed together as sermons, and subjected to a common condemnation? There are extempore prayers which are only infelicitous speeches addressed to the audiences, and there are printed liturgies so read as to produce the impression that they are addressed to no one either on earth or in heaven: are we therefore to forego all fellowship in devotion, and deny that there is a possibility of a common expression of reverence and faith, or deny to ourselves the possibility of sharing in it?

If the principle we have stated is correct, if life without expression becomes lifeless, then the question which the non-church-goer has to consider is, not whether the expression of the life of reverence and faith and love which the church offers is an ideal expression, but whether in staying away from the church he is finding any better expression for his own spiritual nature, and whether he is doing anything better to furnish expression to others who may perhaps be more dependent than he on their fellows for the outward utterance of their inward life. We do not aver that there are not some non-church-goers who, staying at home, find expression for their devotion in some favorite poet or author, or in private prayer and meditation, or in communings with God in nature. But it must be confessed, we think, by all candid minds, that the tendency of the age is not encouraging to the recluse, and that the number of those who desert the cathedral because they find better access to God in the closet is very small. Certainly he who stays at home to read the Sunday newspaper, or even the last magazine, or to finish the work left unfinished on Saturday night, is not doing anything to develop his own spiritual life by the process. And if he is one of those really devout souls whose devoutness is so great or whose human sympathies are so small that he finds worship easier alone than in company, it is certain that he is by his solitary worship not doing anything to add to the devotional life of his less independent or more sympathetic brethren.

The Church of Christ may be not inaptly described as an organization to embody the spirit of religion—that is, the spirit of faith in and reverence toward God. It does this in two ways: by directly expressing that spirit in acts of worship; and by carrying that spirit into the world, both in organized activity and in the activities of its individual members. The most devoted Churchman will concede that the Church is a very imperfect instrument for the accomplishment of this purpose. The Outlook certainly does not think it above criticism. Its creeds too often express, not a living faith, but a traditional one; its worship is too often either sensuous emotion or sensuous æstheticism; its sermons are too often perfunctory pulpit performances, stirring no life in others because pulsing with no life themselves; its work is too often work for the Church, not work by the Church for humanity. Let all this be granted. It nevertheless remains true that there is no other organization which even attempts to do what the Church attempts. Neither society, the school, nor the press makes any conscious endeavor to body forth and so promote the life of God in the soul of man. If this is worth expressing, then the Church is worthy of support until and unless some organization can be framed or found which will make the same attempt and with better success. For the intelligent and the conscientious to abandon the Church because it imperfectly fulfills its mission, and so leave it to the control of the unspiritual who do not comprehend its mission, is to destroy the only real hope of reforming by revivifying the Church. For the unspiritual to abandon it because it imperfectly fulfills its mission is to come perilously near abandoning the only hope of revivifying their own spiritual nature.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Alexander the Great. By Benjamin Ide Wheeler. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 520 pages. $1.50.

Professor Wheeler's work on Alexander has been read by many thousands as it has been published serially in the "Century Magazine." We think that there is a general agreement that the author has been eminently successful in writing a straightforward, plain, and interesting narrative from beginning to end. The many dramatic incidents and brilliant exploits in Alexander's life are treated with deft literary effect, and from the historian's point of view nothing is omitted which it is to-day desirable for the reader to remember. It is no small triumph for a thorough scholar to succeed in keeping his scholarship so far in abeyance that he can convey to the great multitude of readers the spirit and essential movements of a classical period without overwhelming them with learned comment and unnecessary detail. The illustration adds much to the interest of the book.

Book of Whales, A. By F. E. Beddard, M.A., F.R.S. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 320 pages. $2.

This is purely a scientific work, and is as opposite in treatment and interest as could be conceived from Mr. Bullen's popular stories of his experiences in dealing with whales. The work is, we are told, the first general book of a comprehensive kind in English dealing with this particular subject in a thorough way. The author says that he has aimed at producing "a solid book tempered by anecdote." We should not advise the reader of Mr. Bullen's stories, however, to apply to this work for the anecdotes thus indicated, as they are few and far between.

Charles Francis Adams. By his son Charles Francis Adams. (American Statesmen. Edited by John T. Morse, Jr.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 426 pages. $1.25.

Charles Kingsley. By Charles William Stubbs, D.D. (The Victorian Era Series.) Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 4¾×7¼ in. 199 pages. $1.25.

This volume comes almost as an epilogue to the attractive lectures which the Dean of Ely was lately giving to American audiences. Himself a disciple and follower of Kingsley, he has written this monograph *con amore* as a record of the genesis of the Christian social movement of the present century, and the filiation of its ideas. It is a special concern of his to exhibit the debt which the English Church and State owe to Frederick Denison Maurice, as chiefly the man who for forty years "kept the whole of the forward movement in the social and political life of England in union with God and identified with religion." Kingsley's work in England even now is incomplete, but what has been done there for the sanitary housing of the poor is largely due to him and his helpers. The record of his struggles and successes is an inspiration needed by those who in our own country are often assailed, as he was, with obloquy for their efforts to Christianize anti-Christian social conditions.

Democracy and Empire. By Franklin Henry Giddings, M.A., Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5⅜×8½ in. 363 pages. $2.50.

Effects of Recent Changes in Monetary Standards upon the Distribution of Wealth. By Francis S. Kinder, A.M. (Economic Studies, Vol. IV.) The Macmillan Co., New York. (For the American Economic Association.) 5½×8 in. 499 pages. 50c.

This compact essay will be welcomed with enthusiasm by the supporters of the Chicago platform, for it is a perfect arsenal of arguments in favor of bimetallism. The author, who for some time was the Secretary of the American Economic Association, begins his study by examining the claim that the increased production of goods has caused the remarkable fall in prices during the past twenty-five years, and he shows conclusively that the increase in production was relatively greater during the preceding twenty-five years, when prices were rising. His argument, of course, is that the rise in prices during the earlier period, and fall during the later, were due to the great increase in the currency after the gold discoveries of 1848, and the relative decrease of the currency after the partial demonetization of silver in 1873. This argument is followed by a statistical examination of the effect of falling prices and rising prices upon interest, rents, profits, and wages. The treatment of this last subject is particularly full, the author not only maintaining with Cairnes that wages rise faster than prices when the currency expands, but also that laborers are perhaps the chief sufferers from falling prices, because industrial stagnation deprives great bodies of them of employment. The author cites the Aldrich report to the effect that in the eighty establishments there reported aggregate wages fell nearly one-third during the period of falling prices from 1873 to 1879, and rose over one-half during the period of rising prices from 1879 to 1883. The facts that Mr. Kinder presents—and his book is an array of facts rather than deductions—are worthy of the most attentive study.

Free-Trade Movement and its Results, The. By G. Armitage-Smith, M.A. (The Victorian Era Series.) Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 4¾×7¼ in. 244 pages. $1.25.

On the side of scholarship this volume is exceptionally satisfactory, and its compactness fits it for a popular manual. Its style, how-

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ever, is sometimes awkward, and often lacking in spirit. Free-traders will prize it for its instruction and not for its inspiration.

Heraldry Simplified. By Frederick Curtis. (Illustrated.) Dodge Publishing Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 88 pages. $1.50.

A popular treatise on the subject of heraldry, or, more properly, of armory.

History of the Scandinavians in the United States. Compiled and Edited by O. N. Nelson. Vols. I. and II. bound together. 5¾×9¼ in. (Illustrated.) O. N. Nelson & Co., Minneapolis, Minn. Sold by subscription.

This history, which now appears in a revised and enlarged edition, is not only a biographical encyclopædia of the Scandinavians of this country, but a collection of essays upon their place in our National life, their religious organizations, and their educational institutions.

History of Dogma. By Dr. Adolph Harnack. Translated from the Third German Edition by Neil Buchanan. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Vol. VII. 5½×8½ in. 328 pages. $2.50.

This, the concluding volume, is of especial interest and value in relation to modern controversies. The contrary issues of Catholicism and Protestantism are clearly exhibited in their contrast with each other, and also in the tendency and outcome of each separately. The severest statement by any modern writer within our knowledge is Harnack's remark that Liguori "in modern Catholicism has stepped into the place of Augustine. . . . By Liguori complete ethical skepticism was again established in the morality, and indirectly in the dogmatics, of the Church." On the other hand, and with the post-Reformation creeds in view, Harnack declares that "the Reformation, that is, the evangelical conception, faith, cancels dogma, . . . is the end of dogma in a sense similar to that in which the Gospel is the end of the law." In congruity with this, Professor Harnack reiterates the call made by Dr. Schaff in 1889 for a revision of the seventeenth-century creed, and hopes that "the Evangelicals in America [will] go before with the torch." This volume will undoubtedly provoke vigorous replies from Catholic theologians. It should also lead to searchings of heart by those nominal Protestants who are still tinged with essential Catholicism, which, says Harnack, "is not the Pope, neither is it the worship of saints or the mass, but it is the slavish dependence on tradition, and the false doctrines of sacrament, of repentance, and of faith."

John Ruskin: His Life and Teaching. By Marshal Mather. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 184 pages. $1.25.

Appropriately enough at this time, a new edition appears of a clearly drawn outline of Ruskin's life and teaching.

Man of Galilee, The. By Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D. (Illustrated.) Monarch Book Co., Chicago. 7×9¼ in. 682 pages. $2.50.

It is quite as desirable to have the life of Christ presented from the standpoint of a preacher and pastor as from that of a scholar. What Mr. Beecher thus did nearly thirty years ago Dr. Gunsaulus has in turn undertaken, and in this well-illustrated volume presents us with the fruit of twenty years' study of his subject. His interest is didactic rather than critical, and his style is rhetorical and often dramatic. His picture of the Christ has been shaped by his own experience and that of others whose spiritual guide he has been. While Dr. Gunsaulus disclaims all originality for his work, the wealth of art which adorns it gives it a unique place among the many biographies of "The Man of Galilee."

Man's Woman, A. By Frank Norris. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 286 pages. $1.50.

The author of "McTeague" again in his new novel finds it necessary to his ideas of realism to present the most repellent and brutal narratives of human suffering. The details of the agonies endured by his Arctic heroes are heart-rending enough, but those of the experience of his trained nurse in a serious operation upon a little girl can only be described by the words sickening and disgusting. Such a description out-Zolas Zola, and has no legitimate place in a work of fiction. It only proves that the author has carefully "got up" the special knowledge involved. It is in no way a requisite part of plot or purpose. Those who read further than this chapter will find that Mr. Norris handles an original fiction-motive with distinct power, and shows a decided advance over "McTeague" in the development of character.

One Woman Wandering. By Marion Flower Hicks Harmon. The Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati, O. 4¾×7¼ in. 333 pages.

Parson's Daughter, The. By Emma Marshall. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 353 pages. $1.50.

Fresh light is thrown upon the lives and careers of Romney and Gainsborough in this book. Its eight charming illustrations, taken from the portraits by those famous painters, add greatly to the value of the story. The period comprised in this story is the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Priest's Marriage, The. By Nora Vynne. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4¾×6¾ in. 311 pages. $1.50.

This is an unpleasant tale of an apostate priest, a person minus convictions and character. After marriage he experiences a revulsion of feeling and deserts his wife and child. He returns later, but, finding himself a now superfluous quantity, advises his wife to procure a divorce and marry the friend of her youth. The other characters in the tale are kept busy making and breaking matrimonial engagements. In the end, however, each seems to get what he or she wishes—which isn't much.

Problems in Ethics. By John Steinfort Kedney. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 252 pages. $1.50.

Dr. Kedney's ultimate aim in this elaborately reasoned work seems to be to ground material ethics in Christian Dogmatics. The realization of the *summum bonum*—defined as a commonwealth of loving souls unified by their love, with environment adjusted and correspondent—requires, to produce it, a showing forth of the perfect love of the Creator. But

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this, he holds, pure monotheism cannot show. It is shown only in the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, in which the distinction of subjects and objects united by love is revealed within the one Eternal Fount of Being. It is somewhat remarkable to find a philosophical treatise on ethics favoring the hypothesis of evil spirits as helpful in explaining the moral corruption of mankind. Dr. Kedney is an acute thinker, and well worth reading, but we find ourselves frequently short of breath in attempting to climb to some of his conclusions; as, for instance, that no action can be objectively right unless it is right subjectively also—which seems to mean that nothing can be the right thing to do if the doer lacks the intent to do the right thing.

Recent Advances in Astronomy. By Alfred H. Fison, D.Sc. (The Victorian Era Series.) Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 4¾×7¼ in. 242 pages. $1.25.

In brief compass and simple language the author, an English scientist, tells of the actual achievements of astronomy in recent years. In parts, the treatment presupposes some slight knowledge of the technicalities of the heavenly science; but the book may be read with interest by an ordinarily intelligent layman.

School Sanitation and Decoration. By Severance Burrage, B.S., and Henry Turner Bailey. (Illustrated.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5¼×7½ in. 191 pages. $1.50.

An excellent work, full of pleasant and profitable suggestiveness. So far as we know, it is the only book on sanitation and decoration which may be used as a guide by teachers and school boards.

Shakespeare: The Man. By Goldwin Smith. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 4¼×6¾ in. 60 pages. 75c.

A small volume, but the fruit of long study and of intelligent meditation, fastening with great clearness upon those main lines of Shakespeare's thought which are clearly indicative of his attitude toward the deeper problems of life. Those who are persuaded by reason of oft-repeated but wholly baseless statements that it is impossible to form any idea of Shakespeare the man from his own works, will do well to read this compact and vigorous little book, in which the essential faiths of the man, the things he admired and the things he detested, his social, moral, and political ideas, are clearly defined.

Sunday Afternoons for the Children. By E. Frances Soule. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. 4½×7 in. 162 pages. 75c.

Taliesin. By Richard Hovey. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 4×6¾ in. 58 pages. $1.

The fourth volume in the series in which Mr. Hovey has worked over from his own point of view the old stories of Merlin, Guenevere, Galahad, and the incidents in the history of the court of the Round Table. This latest volume is cast in the form of a masque, and, like the second part of "Faust," deals in symbolism on a vast historical-spiritual scale. It is not lacking in beautiful passages nor in touches of genuine insight. As a whole, however, it gives the impression of indefiniteness, vagueness, and lack of reality.

Ten Years' War, A. By Jacob A. Riis. (Illustrated.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 267 pages. $1.50.

This volume is appropriately inscribed "to the faint-hearted and those of little faith." It is brimful of hopefulness—and the kind of hopefulness that quickens generous efforts, not the kind which rests assured that economic laws are making selfishness work out a higher civilization. Mr. Riis's interest in tenements and tenants is not that of a scientific investigator, but that of a human sympathizer, whose sympathies open up to him more truth as to what the tenement-house means, and infinitely more as to who the tenants are, than mere scientific investigation could ever reach. When talking to Mr. Riis the tenants are themselves; and when talking to his readers, Mr. Riis is himself. It would be impossible to visit tenement-houses in company more charming or company whose introduction would more completely open to one the homes visited.

Thro' Fire to Fortune. By Mrs. Alexander. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 320 pages. $1.25.

Like almost all of Mrs. Alexander's later work, this novel is on a much lower level of fiction than the story which first attracted public attention to her as a novelist. It has little literary art and little story-interest.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. (Illustrated.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 403 pages. $1.50.

We spoke of this novel of early Virginia in an editorial last week.

Truth Seeker Collection of Forms and Ceremonies. The Truth Seeker Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 119 pages.

Thomas Paine. By Ellery Sedgwick. (Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans. Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 3¾×5 in. 150 pages. 75c.

A condensed but vigorous and clearly written life of one of the most interesting men of the Revolutionary period; a man whose great services as an exponent of the American cause and a debater of a very high order have been obscured by the prejudice excited by his attitude on religious questions. Paine's career reads like a romance, and was clearly evolved out of his own personality. No man's success was ever more directly the result of his own qualities than Paine's, and no man's failures were ever more distinctly the fruit of his own limitations than Paine's. He was a man of very irregular development, but with a great love for freedom and a great passion for humanity. Reading "The Age of Reason" to-day in the light of the discussion of another century of the freest and most searching examination and thought, there seems to be nothing in the work to call out the tremendous onslaughts which followed its publication. As a matter of fact, it was written out of a deep religious feeling against the atheistic attitude of the French Republic. It is the work of a man who believes in God with all his heart, but it is also the work of a very one-sided man whose peculiarities and limitations always stood in the way of his larger influence. This little book is well balanced, dispassionate, and

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intelligent; it ought to go a long way toward securing a truer view of Paine's character and work.

Vision of Sir Launfal, and Other Poems. By James Russell Lowell. Edited by Herbert Bates. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5½ in. 25c.

These volumes, as they come from the press, register the high-water mark of text-book making, both as regards text, information, and bookbinding. Lowell's poem in this form is edited with notes and an introduction by Mr. Herbert Bates, of the Manual Training High School of Brooklyn, who has very intelligently brought out some things in Lowell's attitude toward literature which have not been sufficiently emphasized before.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.

Speaking of the charge that "Unitarians are not saved," I was referred by my pastor to John ii., 22, 23. I have a high opinion of the Unitarians I am well acquainted with; their characters and conduct are irreproachable, so far as I know. They do not accept the Deity of Christ because they cannot comprehend one God but two absolute personalities. I should be glad to know your exposition of those verses. M. S.

No exposition of this or any other Scripture is trustworthy unless it is in the first instance *historical*, and gives the words the primary meaning required by the circumstances in which they were uttered. John's Jewish contemporaries denied that Jesus was the Christ, the hoped-for deliverer of Israel. It is such a denier that he terms "antichrist." What he says next must be taken, accordingly, as an expansion of the same thought. The deniers of the Father and the Son whom he refers to are such as those to whom Jesus had said, "Ye know neither me nor my Father" (John viii., 19). The Jews' denial that Jesus was the Son of God (see Mark xiv., 61, 62) showed that they had no true knowledge of God. This, then, is the historical and primary sense of the passage. Equally true in a derived and secondary sense is it that the anti-Christian spirit of the world is here condemned for its denial of the sonship of all men to the heavenly Father, as the brethren of Christ, which appears in many a practical repudiation of the duties of human brotherhood. As to Unitarians, it is a matter of fact, which all well-informed men ought to know, that they do not deny that Jesus was the Christ, nor do they deny that he was the Son of God, except in a metaphysical sense which theologians have attached to the phrase. In an ethical and spiritual sense they affirm it as constantly as any others do. All representative Christian thinkers recognize them as a denomination of Christians. It is a melancholy and ignorant intolerance that denominates them as "antichrist."

I would be very glad to have the answer of a disinterested person to a question in the ethics of the pastoral relation: A clergyman whose salary is $xxx per *year* is taken ill Saturday night too late to get a supply. The preaching services only are omitted for that one Sunday. Now, is the minister to assume (1) that his entire salary is due him, or (2) that a reduction is to be made unless the church, of its own kindness, gives him full pay? (3) If a reduction is customary in such a case, should an entire fifty-second of the salary be deducted? (4) If a pastor is ill one or two months, should he feel that if he furnishes a good supply he has a right to his salary, or should he assume that he has no such right, or should the matter be subject to a special arrangement between pastor and church? Q.

1, 2, and 3. He is not to assume anything. The church having been put to no expense by his inability to preach, and preaching being only a part of his weekly duties, it would be a strangely hard-faced church that would dock his salary in such a case, and very difficult to determine the lawful subtrahend. If the church had been at expense to supply the pulpit for the Sunday, it would have a right to charge that sum to his account, and deduct it in settlement. But it would not be admirable conduct to exercise that right in the case of a solitary, unavoidable absence. 4. In a Congregational church the supply of the pulpit in a protracted absence of the pastor should be subject to the consent of the church through its deacons or other committee.

The striking contrasts of opinion respecting the policy of the Administration in the Philippines awaken a query regarding the meaning of our Lord's words contained in Luke xxii., 36: "Then said he unto them, But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one." The thought of this passage seems to be antagonistic to the general spirit and teaching of Jesus. What is your interpretation of the passage? J. B. W.

Had Jesus intended to be taken literally, he would not have said, when they replied, "Here are two swords," "It is enough." The ridiculous inadequacy of such an equipment from the literalist's point of view intimates that he intended nothing more than a striking figurative contrast between the past friendliness shown the disciples (verse 35) and the hostility henceforth to encounter them.

1. Upon what Scripture does Dr. Abbott base his belief "that the grace of God does not end for any man at death"? 2. How can the different names and callings of the twelve Apostles found in Matthew x. and Luke vi. be explained? 3. Please recommend some good "Harmony of the Gospels." E. S. W.

1. "His mercy endureth forever"—so often repeated in the Old Testament. The real question is not whether the grace of God ends for any man, but whether any man's capacity ends for availing himself of it. 2. To harmonize the lists, understand that "Canaanite" ("Cananæan" in the Revised Version—see also its marginal reading) is equivalent to "Zealot," as the other appellation of Simon; also that, according to Professor Thayer's Lexicon, Thaddæus was a surname of Jude, who was also called Lebbæus. 3. Stevens and Burton's.

How many were there in the English and American Committees respectively engaged in preparing the Revised Version of the Bible? Were they all engaged in the work of translating both the Old and the New Testament? A. M. S.

The British Committee consisted of fifty-two members, twenty-seven in the Old Testament Company, and twenty-five in the New Testament Company. The American Committee consisted of twenty seven members, of whom fourteen constituted the Old Testament Company and thirteen the New Testament Company. Adding other members lost by death or resignation, the whole number of scholars at any time connected with the work amounted to one hundred and one.

Do you believe that the New Testament warrants the baptism of any but those who have exercised personal faith? Is it the preponderant conclusion of scholars that the New Testament mode of baptism was by immersion? J. E. W.

1. Yes. 2. Yes, usually so.

Please tell me who composed the sweet song "Ninety and Nine," which has been so much sung by Sankey and so universally liked. A. L. W.

It was written by Mrs. E. C. Clephane.

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Between Two Battlefields

BY JAMES BARNES

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in South Africa

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I AM reminded, as I begin to write, of two Yankee soldier songs; one that harks back to the days of the Rebellion, and the other one sung by the Sixth Cavalry and brought home from Cuba. "Tenting To-night on the Old Campground" has been wailed by every parlor melodeon in New England, and it describes our situation here on the Modder River in the middle of January as well as it did that of the Army of the Potomac. The second describes our feelings (at least it does mine), and, with a slight geographical variation, those of every man-Jack here under canvas. It runs thus, and it is not so much the words as the sentiment of the chorus that I have in mind:

Oh, the adjutant we had was the divil of them all,
He's out on the parade ground before the first call,
And if you are late or somehow feeling ill—
"Sergeant, take this soldier here
And give him extra drill!"

Chorus:

Oh, it's Home, boys, Home,
It's Home we ought to be,
Home, boys, Home!
In our own countree!
Where the oak and the ash
And the weepin' willow tree,
They all grow together
In North Amerikee.

Now, this does not imply that any one in the army or with it wishes to see the war given up at this stage of the game; they want to see it over with, ended and done, and they are eager to assist to settle things in the very quickest manner possible.

Of course no sane man who bestows a moment's thought on the subject denies that it can have but one end—England must win, or "pop" goes the Empire! And the British Empire is neither a balloon nor a bubble, but a big idea that holds a mighty tight little island in close and loving touch with a string of free and loyal colonies marked out in soldier red here and there on the map of the world; and they will send their free and loyal sons to fight for the idea that is called "the Empire" as long as there are ships to carry them. And if the idea was not a good one, and its realization not a success, they would not send a man! That is the unvarnished truth of it, and President Kruger and President Steyn must know it as well as Mr. Chamberlain; and "the idea" is—the liberty of the individual; freedom to speak his mind, to come when he pleases, go where he likes, buy his stores, sell his goods, sink his shafts, pay his taxes, make his laws, without distinction as to whether his name is Brown or Van Brugen, or whether his ancestors sailed from The Hague or Plymouth Ho.

Now, in England and America there are men who write and speak the English language so well that they have but to pick up a pen or sit down and talk and every one pays attention, no matter whether they agree or not; and some of these men have got the wrong end of this question and are making it harder for other men, who are not writing or talking, but who are fighting and dying on either side. They are helping to prolong a struggle that will have an inevitable end, though it fills the South African veldt with empty homes and the English towns and villages with widowed and fatherless. Of course those who are called "the hereditary enemies of Great Britain" (and it is not so many years ago that the United States was reckoned in the list) would rejoice at the downfall of England's power and the humbling of her arms; the small number of disloyal Irish

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are not counted in this category—it is but the power of England that saves them from their brothers. These wise men are constantly referring to England's mistakes in South Africa, to the past misjudgment of her colonial governors, to the injustice of her rulings, of her policy and treatment of the Africander Dutch. No doubt there have been mistakes; beyond question there has been bad policy. But policies have changed in the course of years; injustices can be forgiven and may be forgotten in time. It is the living present that we should think of. Progress and advancement stand for liberty nowadays. The question has turned the other way. England represents what the Dutch patriots fought for not many years ago, what our own ancestors struggled for and won under Washington—representation and equal rights.

I am writing this from what should be properly termed the "enemy's country," although it is within the boundary of Cape Colony. I have seen the leniency and dispassionate ruling of the English military authorities, for I have attended the trials of men accused of high treason, rebellion against a Government that had always treated them fairly, and they have been acquitted ofttimes with evidence strong against them, set free when their real sentiments are known and are as plain as if they proclaimed them from the housetops—these men are colonial subjects of the Queen, but they speak a foreign tongue; there is extenuation for their sentiments. Over the border, in the Orange Free State, their brothers and cousins have risen to fight the English—or, better, their brothers and cousins have invaded the English territory. They have been born with a hatred of the English, they have been instructed in a contempt for the British fighting power; they suspect England's motives. They fight a feud, and are ready tools in the hands of those who wish to fan the fires of their hatred, play upon their ignorance, and use them for the furtherance of their ends.

It is safe to say that if the Boers or even the majority of the Africander Dutch spoke or read the English language, there would have been no war. It is safe to say that when the history of this war will be written, much will be disclosed that will startle those who read, much will be explained that will make plain certain strange things that have puzzled many. It will be the history of a great conspiracy nipped in the bud. In it will be told how a bitter civil war was averted, how the dream of some fanatical Dutch sixteenth-century-thinking leaders failed of realization. Then will be displayed the plan to drive the English-speaking people out of the country "into the sea," it has been said. Then will be shown where went the vast quantity of arms and ammunition that has been pouring into the Transvaal for years—enough rifles to arm every man and woman and child that lives in the land Paul Kruger rules, yes, and to arm their cousins in the Free State, and *their* cousins in Cape Colony. The Transvaal will be an incident, the Uitlander grievances will be a side issue, the millionaires and the money question may be passed over in few words, though all contribute to the general reason "why." This is no war of conquest on the part of Great Britain against Boer farmers. There came near to being a war of conquest, but the shoe would have been upon the other foot. The "Roineks," the hated English, would disappear. It was to be the wiping out of all old scores; it was to be a Dutch Africander republic from the Cape to Delagoa Bay! This was the dream; this was the reason for the heavy taxes that the Uitlanders alone paid. This explained the enlistment of trained German gunners, and the purchase of siege guns and long-range artillery; this made clear the formation of the Africander Bond and the attitude of the Dutch press.

It will be a pleasant day when, in this land, the farmer whose name proclaims his nationality ceases to look upon a man in uniform with a glance of sly, half-fearful hatred, and the man in uniform ceases frankly to suspect every one whose name or manner of speech betrays his origin. Not many miles from here, at Barkly West and Douglass, and several other colonial towns, the flag of the Dutch Federals is flying; the English have been driven out; they are refugees in their own country. Many of them have never seen England; they have known little but the wide-stretching karoo, and here they will spend their lives; but they speak of England as "home;" they have a wild, enthusiastic pride in being Englishmen; they are

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exponents of the idea, they are representatives of the Empire; and should not their interests be of concern to the mother land?

I have talked with a man who knows, and who knew, before many others would believe, how the situation stood here. Sir Alfred Milner, simple-mannered, kindly, and keen, has one of those all-grasping, quick-weighing perceptions, the possession of which has made men great in deeds. He saw the danger, and he forced the conspirators to declare themselves before their time; he met them when they were but half prepared. Home in England the Government did not appreciate the size of the work it had to undertake. The people, perhaps, did not realize it here. Both have learned. The fight is yet in English territory. There are battles ahead, for the Boers have to be taught a lesson also—a lesson that must be brought home to them in their turn, or it will not last.

When, in some years to come, the English army of occupation shall be withdrawn, and Modder River shall cease to be a military depot (for such it is destined to be, surely), the Dutch will long ago have dismissed the political leaders who misled and betrayed them; they will find as much liberty as is good for man. I doubt not that independence will be theirs; they will cease to hate a people who are too busy to bear malice, and who may knock a man down, give him a hand up, and forget it all. They will have to work, if they do not wish to be left behind. Incidentally they will have to pay their taxes like Englishmen; and such is the sturdiness and determination of the Boer character that, with the new spirit of progress aroused, South Africa will bloom and blossom like a garden. Just now the Boers regard victories or defeats as gifts or punishments from God. When it is over, the lasting peace that should follow they will regard as the greatest blessing He could bestow upon a land that has seen too much bloodshed and unhappiness. They need never be ashamed of the way they fought, those hardy, unkempt farmers! Tradition and the country have bred their own methods in them, nature has given them the best defensive country in the world, and their leaders have ably directed the use of nature's gift. But let us have a speedy end to all of it, is the prayer that must rise from both sides. And with this "let us return to the situation," as the novelist might say. I had intended to write of the camp.

It is between two battlefields, and from my tent door I can look over both of them. In front, to the northeast, rises the grim kopje that commands Magersfontein. It is, as the crow flies, but six miles away. The Boers are there. The naval guns on the hill, only two or three thousand yards outside the camp, blaze away, and the old kopje smokes with the bursting clouds of lyddite fumes and dust, for all the world like "a blooming volcano," as a sergeant gunner said. How many of the enemy are there no one knows. They know how many we are here, for with a strong glass they can count almost every tent; besides, there have been a great many cousins, loyal subjects, who have stayed to keep titles to their farms and are making small fortunes by selling to the soldiers what their relatives from over the border got for nothing. On the day of the battle of Modder River they were hiding out in the veldt, but I doubt if "Jan" hid while "Piet" fought. They should have been cleared out long ago. It is a hard thing to know what is in a Dutchman's mind; you certainly cannot tell from his lips. It is not hard to get news outside of a big camp—forewarned is forearmed.

At the foot of the big brown kopje yonder perished many a brave Highlander, and from the line of trenches that stretch away in crescent form to the river bends, on east and west, retired a British army; and over this retirement much ink has been spilt and much talk has been wasted. It has been magnified into a disaster; it was nothing of the kind. It was a hard slap to an army that had fought three successful battles, but it was one of the incidents of war. After a while we may learn why certain things were done and why certain other things were not done. Some occurrences of that day will never be repeated. I doubt if the Boers will have such fine shooting during the rest of this campaign. That they held their ground bravely cannot be denied; that they hold it yet is true. But that we are in any danger here is nonsense. The lines of communication are open and strongly held, the trains leave for Cape Town every day, the mails arrive fairly on time, and there is enough in the

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way of supplies to last this column three months piled up in the railway yards. But I saw in the London "Times" that "Lord Methuen's force was in danger of being cut off," that "he should have retired on Orange River," etc. So much for criticism. We are as safe here, in my humble estimation, as if we were at Aldershot. The Boers will not attack; it would be the worst thing they could do. In the meantime we wait, and the men play football and cricket, and have just finished a week of sports; the bands and drums and pipes play in front of the tents in the evenings. Oh, these wonderful South African nights and gloamings, when, after the heat and dust of the day, the air grows suddenly cool, and before the western red has died the great sparkling stars shine out, or the moon, clearer and whiter than we ever see her at home, soars up, and then seems to hang overhead for your own special benefit. The heliograph signals begin to twinkle along the line of outposts; the Kimberley light talks against the sky; a patrol or a picket stamps, with a roar like musketry, across the pontoon bridge; the snatch of a song comes from somewhere back in the tents; and then the bugles blow and the camp goes to sleep. Perhaps a bird may whistle; or perhaps a sentry challenges, and one fears that in the stillness the countersign must reach the Boer lines. As morning breaks, the "four-point-seven" guns speak up, and the great shells go tearing out towards the kopje, roaring in a diminuendo like trains across a trestle. And, like as not, a Boer gun, that must have more lives than a cat, spits back at us. Often, through the glasses, the gunner, a brave fellow in shirt-sleeves, can be seen. If you are up at the trenches and that little puff comes from the hill (which must be of value as an iron-mine by this time), somebody calls out, "Here she comes!" Thirty or forty seconds and she arrives, accompanied by a whiffling, fluttering screech that ends in a spurt of red sand, and now and then a spattering explosion (for the Boer shells do not always "go off," more's the blessing!). Then the man whose pipe has gone out lights another match; and for half an hour the game goes on. So far, we have not had a man killed by shell fire. What has happened on the other side it is hard to say. But lyddite is a fearsome thing to watch!

During the day there is little done until the mid heat is past. The men bathe and wash and fish in the river; the officers sit and gossip about headquarters; the ubiquitous correspondent wonders what he shall write to his paper; and we wait. For what? for what will be stale news by the time all this sees print.

March in the Swamp

By Francis Sterne Palmer

For months King Winter has ruled in the Swamp
With ice and snow and glittering pomp,
A frosty tyrant, as hard to get at,
As icy, as ever was autocrat;
But now wood-creatures laugh again,
For the Spring has risen against his reign:

March has come; and South-Wind blows,
Sounding a warning to lingering snows,
Telling the brooks they soon shall be freed
From chains the Winter King decreed,
Starting the buds on poplar boughs,
Bidding the forest birds to rouse,
And in the branches overhead
Marshaling squirrels in coats of red.

In madcap frolic the white hare goes
Dancing over the melting snows—
"If it's mad to dance when Spring's in the air,
Then say that I am a mad March Hare!"

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CROSSING THE TARLAC RIVER

Colonel J. F. Bell is the leading horseman. The third is Mr. Phelps Whitmarsh.

A TASTE OF WAR IN LUZON

By Phelps Whitmarsh, Special Commissioner for The Outlook

Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author

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WHEN I set out from Manila to see the island of Luzon, it was my intention to avoid the army as much as possible and study the people solely through my own eyes. But plans made in ignorance of conditions are like the theories built by a certain class of people in the United States about the Philippines, without a thorough knowledge of the people and the country—foolish and futile. I soon found that the time was not yet come when a man could travel alone through even the pacified provinces in safety. Non-combatants as the inhabitants professed to be, they were still in sympathy with the insurrectos, many of them were still paying money into the insurgent exchequer, and many a so-called amigo in white clothes had his rifle hidden waiting for the tide to turn in Aguinaldo's favor. In villages not occupied by Americans, gentry of the latter class formed into little bands and fired upon trains, tore up a rail or two of track, or tried to bolo outposts. The country, in fact, was full of insurrectos parading as peasants; and after I ran into five of them with rifles one morning, while riding from Angeles to Porac, I gave up my plans, for the time being at least, without much persuasion. Perhaps had they known that I was traveling alone and that I was fully

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as frightened at them as they were at me, they would not have run; but, as it was, they bolted one way and I the other. There is no good evading the fact—I am not and never was a brave man, and I do not like to hear bullets coming my way. Convinced that the only way to travel at all was to go with the army, I attached myself to the Thirty-sixth Infantry, the regiment which I felt reasonably sure would lead the general advance. I was permitted to join the staff mess, and thus I became a follower of this splendid regiment.

When I first reached Santa Rita, rumors were afloat that the Second Division, under General MacArthur, would soon move on Tarlac; and three days later Major Braden, my host at the time, received orders which confirmed the rumors. The regiment was to hold itself in readiness to march on Porac, a town about ten miles to the northwest, within forty-eight hours. The next afternoon, however, Colonel Bell marched into Santa Rita with the First Battalion, and, in order that I might make my arrangements, he told me privately that the entire command would leave that night at eight o'clock, and that, although the objective point was Porac, and the Porac road would be taken, for the purpose of deceiving the natives, for several miles, Florida Blanca, six miles to the southward, where it was believed the enemy were quartered in the church, was to be taken first. I lost no time in telling the *machacho* (boy) I had engaged to get my few things together and to borrow a horse. Later, when officers' call was sounded, I attended the meeting and heard the instructions given. Explicit orders were given concerning the order of progress, the food and clothes to be carried, the commissary wagons, the artillery, and the ammunition. Every detail and contingency had been most carefully thought out and provided for, and I appreciated then, as I never did before, that the work of an army officer was not simply drilling and fighting, but that it embraced an infinity of duties of no less importance in times of war.

Of the night march that followed I have a very vivid recollection. With tin cups and canteens slung in such a way that no noise should warn the wary foe of our approach, the long "column of twos," guided by the Colonel, started promptly at the hour set. The night was without a moon, the roads were sandy, and the dense foliage, meeting overhead, at times enveloped us in darkness so dense that frequently I could not see my horse's head. Everything was favorable for a surprise. Looking forward in the clearer ground, the road resolved itself into a broad, black band snaking away into the mysterious obscurity of the night. Though as yet talking had not been forbidden, the few men who conversed did so in low tones, and, save for a confused murmur and the muffled, regular tread of feet upon yielding ground, the column moved forward with strange quiet. At intervals halts were made, when every man lay down in his tracks or among the dewy grasses and wild mint of the roadsides. As we passed through little settlements an occasional watch-dog barked his dissent, and at times a frightened face, illumined by a candle, peered from the window of a native dwelling. In the narrower paths, off the main road, damp leaves brushed our faces, strange lights flickered in the trees, and the cool night air was laden with an earthy odor and the smell of ferns and grass. On we went, now over beaten paths, now over plowed fields, and again through sunken roads ankle-deep in mud and water; ever blindly following the dark forms ahead which took such fantastic shapes, and ever careful not to lose touch. Two or three times, when our route was changed, I wondered if the command were not lost. I knew that we had no native guide, and that none among us had traversed the road before. But at that time I did not know the man who led us. About half-past two in the morning we waded waist-deep across the Porac River, after which the word was passed to stop smoking and talking; and at break of day, precisely as arranged, Florida Blanca was surrounded. While waiting developments breakfast was eaten; and, after a march of some twenty miles, the hardtack sandwiches and cold coffee each man had provided himself with were very acceptable.

It was no fault of ours that the insurgents had vacated the neighborhood two days previously, or that the town was taken without the firing of a shot. Thinking that the Second Battalion, which was swinging round to meet us by the way of

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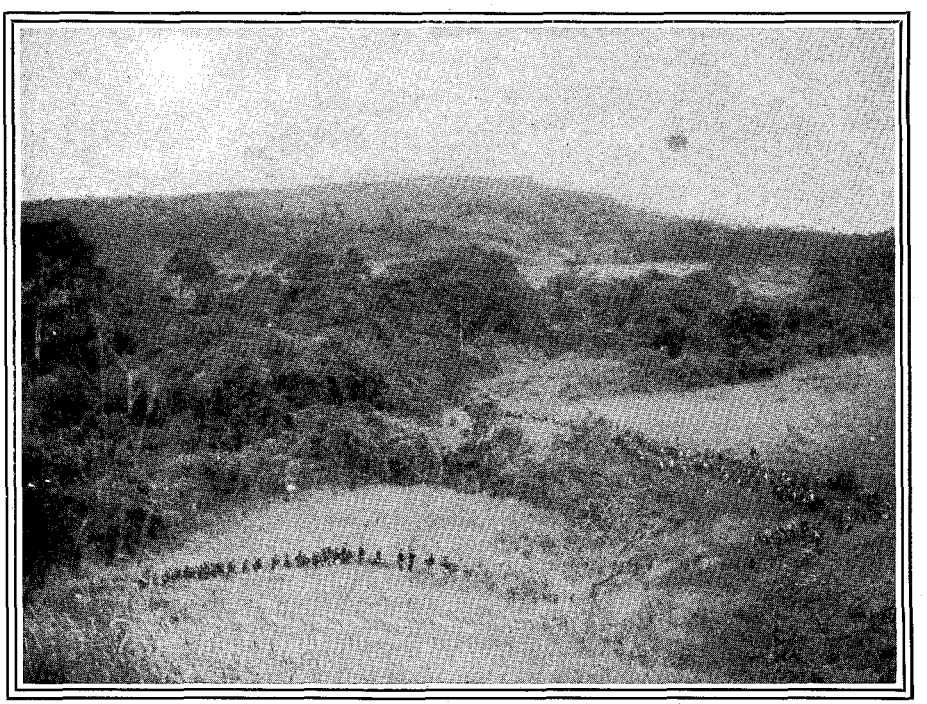
Lubao, might drive some of the enemy in our direction, a cane-field commanding the river crossing was occupied; but this, too, proved disappointing. It was evident that the rebels had got wind of our intentions and fled that part of the country. Notwithstanding the heavy rain that fell that morning, many of the men slept during the wait in the cane-field, and one of them, J. Wall by name, managed to get left behind. After wandering about the country by night and living on sugar-cane for eleven days, he finally found his way back to Santa Rita. As soon as the Second Battalion arrived our march was continued to Porac, the outskirts of which we reached about two in the afternoon, and were to take, by the way, for the third time.



THE THIRTY-SIXTH REGIMENT ADVANCING UPON BAMBAN

Lookout Hill in the distance.

Having lent my horse to a footsore straggler, I pushed forward with the scouts and entered the charming valley in which the town lies. The trenches and barricades that we passed on the way gave evidence of having been abandoned long before, and everything looked peaceful until we reached the clear mountain stream that divides the town. Here we saw two men running on the further bank, which looked suspicious; but since it could not be seen whether they had guns or not, they were not fired upon. We split into two parties, however, waded the river, and gave chase. As we turned the corner of the church, a heavy fusillade was suddenly opened upon us from a ridge some four hundred yards to our right; and while I stood shaking and ducking before the shower of lead that banged on the iron roof of the church and went singing by us, my five companions coolly dropped on one knee and returned the fire. Such utter disregard of danger as the scouts evinced made me, even at that moment, thrill with admiration. Disdainful of cover, they calmly emptied the magazines, reloaded and emptied them again, in a way which, to one whom nothing but curiosity and pride kept from lying flat behind a stone wall, seemed little short of marvelous. It was but a few minutes before the rest of the command came up, and a blue line in skirmish order was charging through the vivid-green rice-fields toward the insurgent position. There were no short rushes employed, there was no hesitation, no stopping, but in one long rush and

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with one inspiring yell they swept up the hill and into the trenches. But before a man reached the elaborate bamboo abatis and the spiked pitfalls which had been built in front of the trenches, the enemy abandoned their excellent position and fled. I followed the chase over two or three miles of hills and woods, and then returned astride of an insurgent horse which I found tied in the bushes behind the trenches, and which afterwards became one of the pack-train. The Colonel, leading a cavalry troop, drove the fleeing Filipinos far back into the mountains, and the punishment they received that day any number of dead Tagalogs were worth that single sacrifice.

In Porac it seemed as if the Thirty-sixth was to settle for a while; and, with the experience of old campaigners, the regiment made itself comfortable with remarkable rapidity. Every bamboo and nipa shack was filled with American faces, the cool stream was constantly alive with bathers, bull-trains with commissaries blocked the market-place, and the whole of the arboraceous little town was turned into an army depot. All but a few of the inhabitants having vacated the place before our entrance, and empty houses being

THE THIRTY-SIXTH INFANTRY CROSSING THE WASHOUT NEAR TARLAC

kept them from disturbing our slumbers that night.

It was a hungry, weary crowd, limping, scratched, and bloody, that invaded Porac as night fell. Thirty-six hours of continuous labor, with a fight at the end of it, had about played the men out; but, in spite of this, the necessary number went on outpost duty without a murmur; and during the whole march and fight I never heard one man complain. And this, I take it, means not only discipline, but respect and implicit confidence in the officers. Although many of General Mascardo's men met their death that day (November 1), but one American was killed; yet, as I looked upon the poor fellow's rigid face, I could not help thinking that neither Porac nor many, I (with my machacho) established myself in one of the ordinary native dwellings. With the exception of the hardwood window-sills and the thatch of nipa palm, the entire house was made of bamboo. The framework and rafters were bamboo poles varying in diameter according to the strength required; the walls and partitions were of the same material, split, beaten flat, and broadly plaited; and the floors were narrow bamboo strips, separated by one-quarter-inch cracks, and tied in position with bejuco strings and placed shiny side up. Doors and window-screens were woven like the sides, edged with light rods, and suspended by a simple contrivance which allowed them to be slid back and forth or propped open. This

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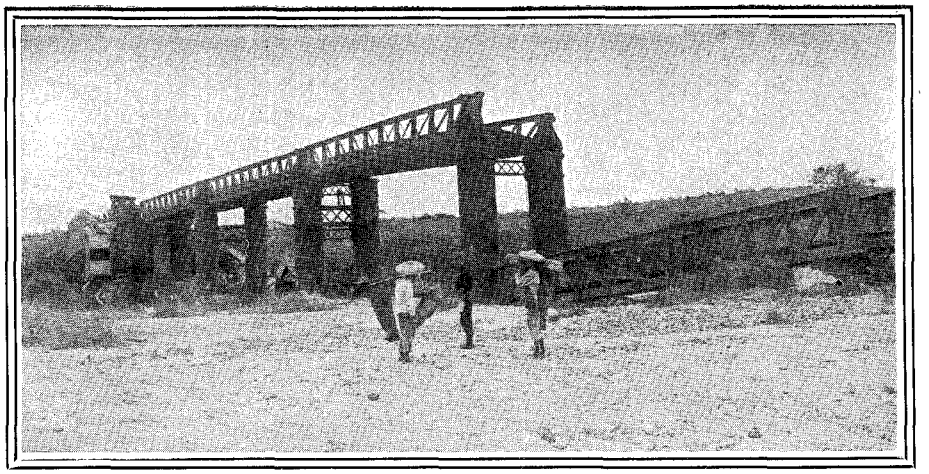
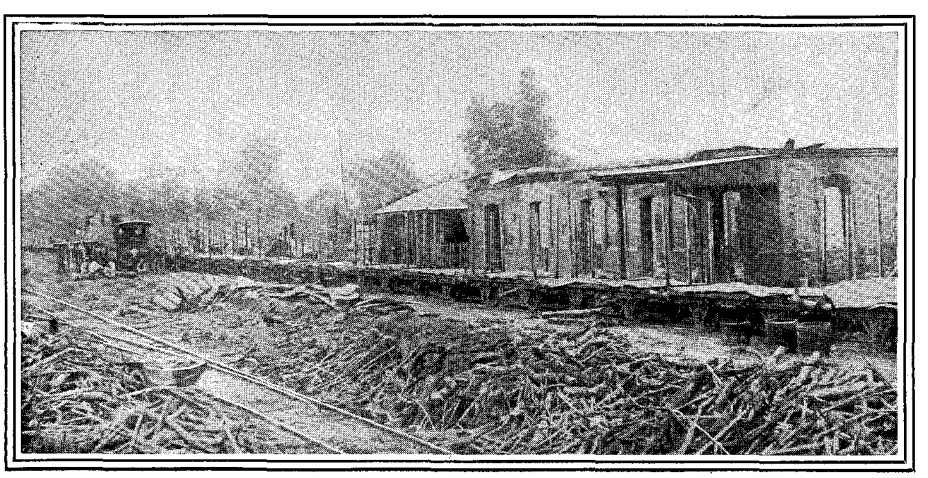


THE WRECKED BRIDGE AND ENGINES AT BAMBAN

Trenches are strung along the Ridge behind.

admirable arrangement was arrived at by means of large pieces of bamboo being rigidly fastened to the door or shutter, and slipped over a smaller sliding rod fixed above. The house was rectangular in shape and divided into four rooms: a living-room in front, with a little chamber off it for the elders of the family; a middle and general sleeping apartment, and a kitchen with three earthen fire-pots at the further end. The whole structure was raised from the ground about five feet, and entered by a bamboo ladder. The furniture of my new abode consisted of a small hardwood table, a chest of drawers, two benches, and several stools and earthen water-vessels. Beds there were none; for the peasant class are contented with the yielding floor and a sleeping-mat. A few colored prints of saints were fastened on the inner walls, and I found several religious books, printed in the Pampangan language, in a drawer. There was also in the front room a shelf arranged for the little shrine never absent from the Tagalog house. The wealthy often possess elaborate and costly objects to decorate their place of prayer, but in the average house, as in this case, there were merely two wooden statuettes, one of the Virgin and the other representing the Crucifixion. Beyond these things, a few fishing and *palay* baskets and several earthen cooking utensils comprised the furnishings of the house, which in every way is typical of the ordinary central-province dwelling. The houses of the poor Filipinos, in my estimation, are more comfortable than



THE WRECKED STATION AT TARLAC

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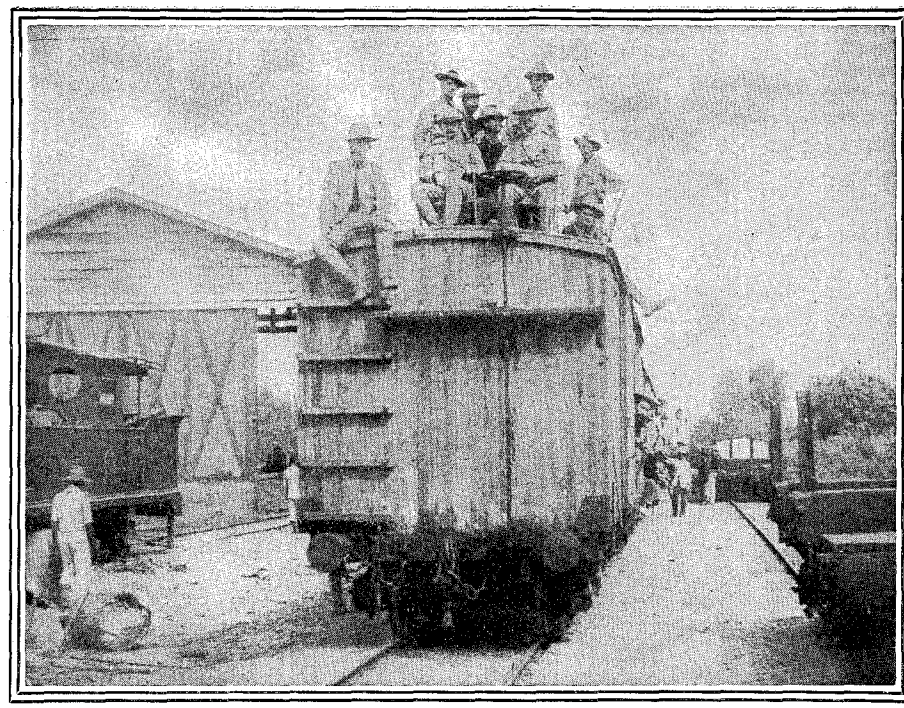

GENERAL MacARTHUR AND STAFF ON A CAPTURED TRAIN AT MONCADA

those of the better classes. At least, one gets plenty of air in the former, and, if one has to sleep on the floor, as is often the case, bamboo is infinitely superior to hardwood boards. Compared with the dwellings of the cotters in England and Europe, or with the foul dens in which the poor of our cities crowd, the shelter of the Filipino peasant is a palace as far as ventilation, comfort, and cleanliness go. It is eminently suited to the requirements of the climate, costs nothing but the peasant's own labor, and is not wanting in a picturesque quality that harmonizes with its tropical surroundings.

Porac is the market center of a sugar-growing district, and noticeably rich in flowers and fruits. Coffee, cacao, and betel-nuts are grown for home consumption near most of the houses; and among the fruits I noted mangoes, papayas, chicos, pumelos, bananas, guavas, and cocoanuts. Among the flowers I recognized were the hibiscus, the oleander, and the flame-colored Ponciana Regia, but there were a great variety of other cultivated and wild blossoms of the names of which I am ignorant. Butterflies were in greater abundance and variety than I had seen elsewhere; also pigeons, parrots, and other birds of gorgeous plumage. Proximity to the mountains gave the township a delightful climate, and natural conditions should, I think, favor its healthfulness. Altogether, Porac was a charming stopping-place, and we made the most of our short stay there.

We had hardly begun to appreciate it, however, before an advance was ordered; and the Thirty-sixth, with its seven-leagued boots on, marched into and took Mabalacat, while the remainder of the division, not being aware of this fact, were laying plans at Angeles for a combined attack.

Now that the general advance had commenced in earnest, the country before us was rapidly cleared of people, horses, and portable goods; and the rebels turned their faces towards the north. Long trains of carabao carts, loaded with furniture and frightened refugees, were constantly overtaken, insurgent commissary supplies were captured, fighting of the jack-rabbit-hunting order was common, and the whole countryside blossomed with white emblems of peace. Houses, bull-carts, and inhabitants all sported some kind of a white flag—often a piece of underclothing or part of a flour-sack. They protected

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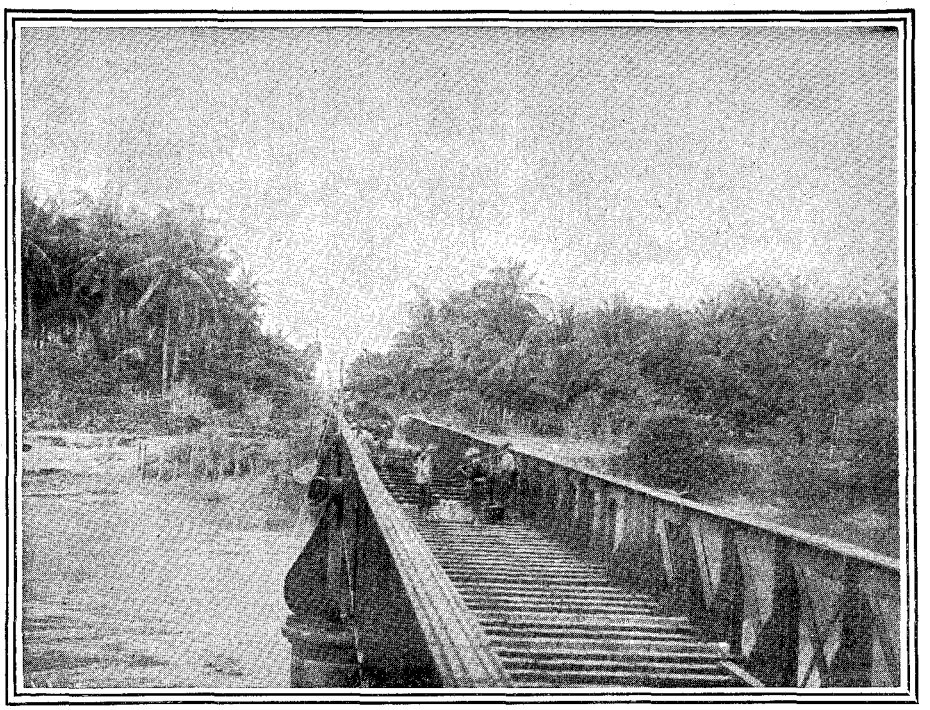

THE BRIDGE AT CALASIAO

themselves in the fields with these flags of truce, walked with them on the roads, and even tied little white banners to their fishing-poles. In spite of all this show of neutrality, however, their faith in the Americans was evidently small; for when suddenly approached, their terror was pitiful. Often I saw them fall upon their knees and beg for mercy in quite the orthodox story-book fashion; and once I saw a poor old woman come half-way across a field in this posture, plaintively pleading the while for her life. At another time a badly scared man rushed into his house and came out with a tiny baby in his arms, which he held up before him while he bowed like an automaton to the passing column. Truly the "Katipunan" or "blood brotherhood" had worked with some success upon the credulity of these people.

At the *barno* of Dolores, where the regiment was next stationed, the principal work was reconnoitering. It was a miserable little village; and my principal recollections of it are its particularly noisy chickens, with a decided objection to being added to the commissary, and a brilliant little reconnaissance in which I was forced to participate. There are not a few persons who think that I should substitute "fortunate enough" for the word "forced," but truth compels me to use my first expression, my envious and bloodthirsty friends to the contrary notwithstanding. It was a little affair—one of the many small things that go toward making a great success, and one which, not being a main event, the average public know little or nothing about. As an incident of army life, however, and particularly as one that was of great value in facilitating the advance upon Bamban, it is worth describing.

On the morning of November 9, Colonel Bell having received orders from General MacArthur to reconnoiter the enemy's position at Bamban, he took ten of the Third Cavalry and eight mounted officers and men of the Thirty-sixth, and led the way into the hills. The party was thus composed of nineteen soldiers and one non-combatant. When he gave us our instructions, the Colonel said distinctly that we were not going out to fight, but to obtain information; and I, ever a gullible individual, believed him. Making a detour to the west, we crossed a river and took the perfect cover of a *cogon* swamp, through which our leader,

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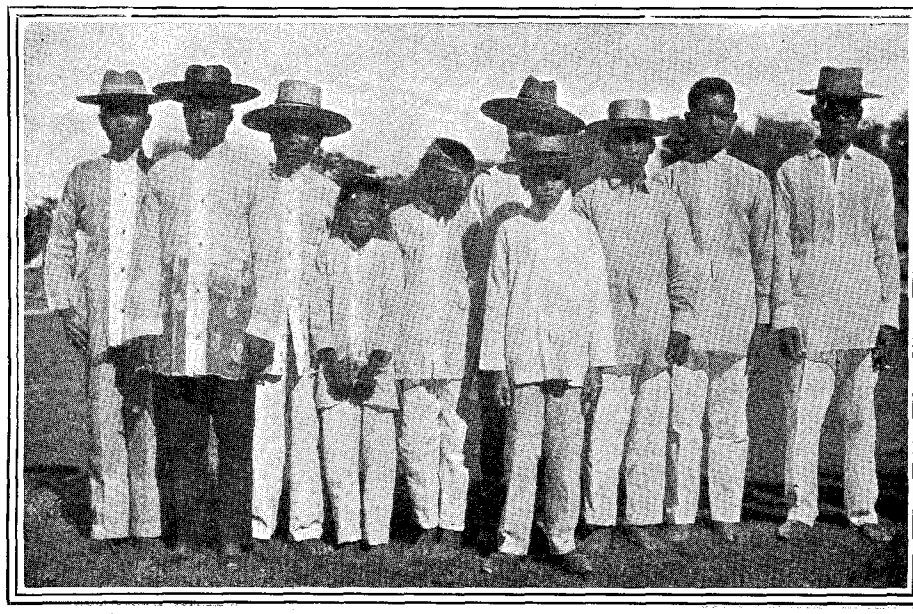
as usual, broke the way. When hidden by an intervening ridge, we turned into a mountain trail, and, taking advantage of every shelter, we wound slowly through the hills toward the north. Halting frequently, while the Colonel cautiously reconnoitered from a hilltop or went ahead to examine the lay of the land, we gradually approached the prominent hill where, from the church-tower in Angeles, some eight miles away, insurgent signals had been seen. From the position we were then in we could make out several shacks on the extreme point of the hill, which was sufficient proof that the rebels were holding it in some force. As all eyes were turned toward this height, however, the figure of a man suddenly outlined itself against the sky on the brow of a smaller and nearer hill. The figure remained there about the space of a minute, and then disappeared. After an interval of about ten minutes it appeared again. Evidently there was an outpost stationed there. Then began the cleverest bit of scouting or stalking that I have yet seen. It reminded me of my hunting days in Australia, when I walked many a weary mile to get a shot at the chamois-like mountain kangaroo. Going back and round, leading our horses along the sides of steep, stony ridges, and avoiding every exposed place, we crept nearer and nearer to the enemy's position. Twice we came so close that a loud cough would have betrayed us, but each time we were divided by a ravine. Several times we crawled on hands and knees through the long grass to some point that seemed within striking distance. None of these approaches satisfied the Colonel, however, and again we went back to find a better route. At last, after the ground had been most carefully looked over, a way was discovered which, though it would bring us in view of the further hill, was the only practicable and, as it proved, the safest approach. As far as we knew, there was one trench on the face of the hill; for we had seen three heads sticking out of it. After the final instructions were given, therefore, two of the best soldiers in the regiment—Huntsman and Gault—were sent round the south side to cork that end of the trench up. The remainder of us then rapidly rode round the north side of the hill. Suddenly the Colonel halted us with his hand, and bent low in his saddle. The sentry had again mounted his lookout. At this moment one of the bellicose little native stallions whinnied noisily, and every one said "Sh!" and other things. A minute later, however, and we were galloping onward and upward. When within a few yards of the hilltop, we hurriedly dismounted, left our



TYPICAL NATIVES OF LUZON

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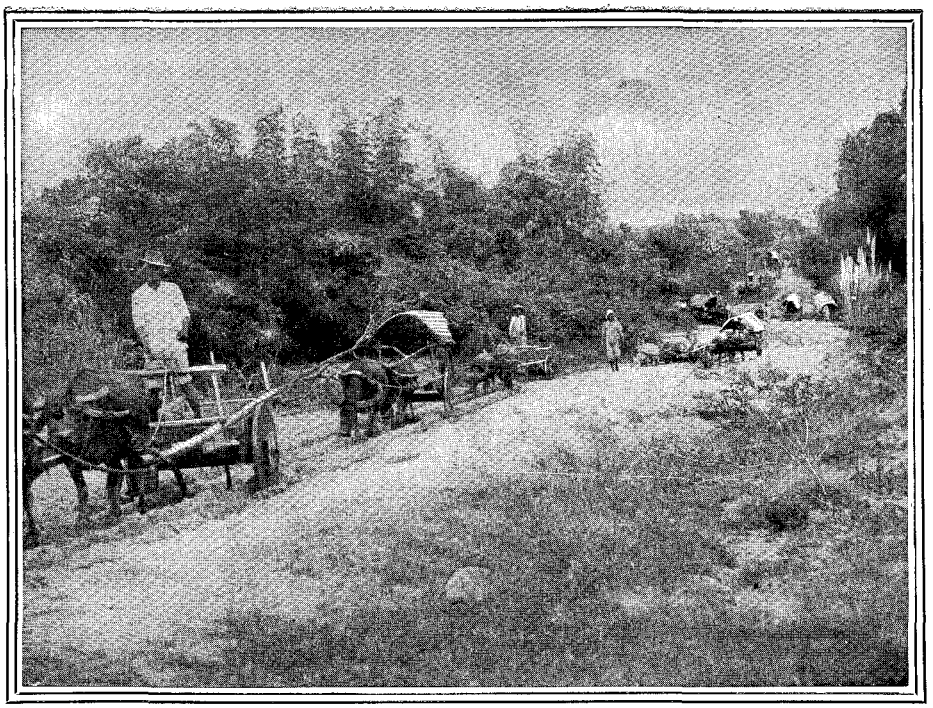

A BULL TRAIN

horses in care of two men, and scrambled to the crest. The hill from that point sloped away to a small plateau about fifty yards distant; and here we saw a trench and a group of men standing. They were looking out toward the plain, probably at the platoon that had been sent out from Mabalacat purposely to attract their attention. At a low word of command from the Colonel, the remaining sixteen of us charged silently down the slope. Not a sound was uttered nor a shot fired until we were within twenty-five yards, when, with a yell that doubtless rose the hair still higher on many an insurgent head, we gave them a volley. In an instant all was confusion in the rebel camp. They leaped from the trench and went headlong down the precipitous face of the hill, bounding through the scrub and scurrying in all directions. Amid the popping of revolvers, the cracking of carbines, and the zip-zip of Mauser bullets, I caught sight of the Colonel knocking a Filipino on the head with the butt of his weapon, saw a flying native drop limply in the grass and another limping away with a shot through his thigh. Of a sudden I turned and saw a second trench below us to the right. It was packed with men, who, instead of running like the rest of their comrades at arms, were sticking close and fighting desperately. For a few moments they played a hot fire upon us, but it was soon silenced. Their retreat cut off by the two men who had been sent round the hill for that purpose, and assailed on both flanks and in the rear, they clung to their ditch and died in it.

After liberating the prisoners and sending some people to care for the wounded, we mounted our horses and made our way back to camp. Before leaving, however, two or three hundred of the enemy appeared on the next ridge, but, although we were not out of rifle range, they did not fire at us; and, perhaps in consideration of their pacific attitude, we left them alone. The newspapers reported that nineteen Americans had surprised and routed from seventy-five to one hundred intrenched insurgents, leaving nineteen of the enemy dead and wounded, and capturing thirty Mauser rifles, without loss. These, indeed, were the facts, but they did not sum up the whole value of the reconnaissance. Not only were the rebel trenches of Bamban located that day, but that little fight caused the abandonment of

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the hills referred to in General Conception's correspondence as "A," "B," and "C," and by that means made the taking of the town, later, a comparatively easy matter.

Two days afterwards, from the very same ridge upon which the enemy had showed in such force, the Thirty-sixth poured shot and shell into the long line of the Bamban trenches. It was no wonder that the insurgents had chosen the site for a signal station. The whole country, north, east, and west, was spread out before us like a richly colored map, and every detail of the combined attack was plainly visible. Far over on the plain, columns of smoke showed the position of Colonel Smith; nearer, massed in the cane-fields, was General Wheeler's command; nearer still, occupying the railroad, were General MacArthur and the artillery, and directly below ran the winding river with its wrecked bridge. Behind, blue and prominent as ever, rose the peak of Aryat. In front lay half a mile of spitting, flashing trenches, also a waiting train a short distance up the track beyond. It was an ideal place from which to watch a battle, quite in keeping with the things we read about, except in the number of the men engaged. After the enemy had filed out of the trenches, and then filed back again, the fight began; and for an hour or so the hills echoed and re-echoed with the crash of volley-firing, the pat, pat, pat, of Lieutenant Biddle's rapid-firing Colt, and the boom of the "baby" Hotchkiss. In the meantime, however, Colonel Bell with four companies was creeping round through the hills toward the Filipinos' right flank. Once, during a momentary lull in the firing, a derisive howl came from the rebel side. I verily believe they thought that victory was theirs. Short-lived was their derision, however, and baseless their hopes. It was answered a few minutes later by an unmistakable American yell to their right. The enemy was flanked, and the fight was over. As we stood watching them, the train pulled out, and Bamban, the last decided stand the insurgents made on the railroad, was left empty in American hands.

That same afternoon the regiment moved on, through a torrent of rain that drenched us to the skin in a few minutes, to Capas. The mule-train and commissary wagons were by this time far behind, literally stuck in the mud; and we were obliged to content ourselves with emergency rations for supper. Afterwards we "downed it" in our dripping clothes upon the convent floor.

From that time on our advance was almost continuous, and little opposition was met except in the shape of rain, bad roads, and swollen rivers. Like a ship in ballast, the Thirty-sixth was "flying light" and traveling fast. It was a time of mud and emergency ration, much "hiking," heat, and river-swimming; a time when we slept without any preparation save that of lying down, and when even the regimental dandy raised a beard. Horses, clothes, provisions, and the footsore were left behind in order that we might push and occupy the railroad to the sea. Tarlac, the much talked of, the late capital of the "new Republic," we entered by moonlight the following night. Though the station and many cars were still burning when we arrived, showing how recent the rebel evacuation had been, there was not a Filipino to be seen. All was quiet and ghostly as we marched down the long, straggling street and foraged for quarters. In Tarlac it seemed as if our progress would be stopped by the flood that had washed away the railroad and made a new river. But again the Colonel led the way. Picturesquely attired in a shirt and a hat, he and his big black horse plunged into the swift stream and swam across; though before he reached the further bank rider and horse were separated, and for a moment it looked as though the torrent were the master. He soon found a more suitable fording-place, and piloted us across. At Gerona we were greeted for the first time with "vivas" and a display of various flags, which ovation the inhabitants paid for after our departure by several of them being shot by the incensed insurgents. At Paniqui, thanks to Captains Stone and Hegeman, a wrecked engine was repaired; and, with General MacArthur and his staff perched on top of a box car, and some eight hundred officers and men packed on trucks, in coaches, and on the engine, we advanced by rail for a change. It is true that our progress, even under steam, was rather slow, for the engine not only wheezed and groaned and spluttered in an alarming manner, but required a rest every few miles to get up more steam.

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Later, when a native was discovered who understood wood-firing, we trundled along beautifully. Obstructions, though many, were soon removed. Did we find a rail torn up, it was quickly replaced by another taken from a siding; did trucks block our passage, they were tipped bodily into the ditch; and when, at Moncada, a derailed engine barred our passage, ropes were attached to it and it was hauled by main force down the embankment. Almost everywhere we heard that the insurgents were but a few miles or a few minutes ahead of us, and found recent traces of their handiwork. Already we had traversed the length of Tarlac province, left Pampanga far behind, and had entered the great rice district of Pangasinan. The people were more friendly to us and less frightened. At Malasqui an excruciating brass band played us in and out with the only march they knew—Aguinaldo's. At other places, deputations, headed by native padres and local presidentes, waited on the General, occasional cheers were raised, and although the towns were for the most part empty of people, the rice-fields were full of harvesters, who gave us little more than a passing glance. Spanish prisoners escaped or left behind by the fleeing rebels came in daily, and not a few prominent insurgents entered the American lines, declaring that they were tired of following a capital on wheels and tired of war. We reached Bayambang on November 19; and late the same afternoon Colonel Bell and some two hundred men made a flying reconnaissance into the enemy's country by train. With a light load and plenty of dry wood, our captured engine for once made good time, and while daylight lasted we traveled at express rate. As night fell the pace was slackened, and a man was stationed on the foremost truck, containing the two pieces of artillery, with a lighted lantern. It was ticklish work, for we had been told that the track had been torn up at some point between Bayambang and Dagupan; and, for all we knew to the contrary, a bridge had been removed. But orders were orders; we were to find the break; and in due time, about four miles south of Dagupan, we found it. Without warning, the lantern described a circle in the air and went out, there came a cry from forward, then a crash, and the train came to a sudden standstill. We had reached the end of the track. Though the four trucks ahead of the engine were in the sand, and the engine itself within three feet of the last rail's end, no bodily harm was done, and the few men who were shot off into a convenient irrigating ditch were heartily laughed at. The next day, when the scouts entered Dagupan to obtain news of General Wheeler's command, a fellow-correspondent and myself remained in the town long enough to hire horses and a guide to take us to San Fabian. Later, I returned to Dagupan alone; and as no American troops were yet quartered there, I took refuge in the house of a friendly mestizo, in which place I am now writing. At this time I find myself devoutly hoping, for the poor Filipinos' sake, that the war will soon end, and that I shall have no more fighting to chronicle. And my solicitude is not solely on the Filipinos' account.

FILIPINO TRANSPORTATION

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The Regeneration of Rural New England

I.—Economic

By Rollin Lynde Hartt

WHEN the editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" asked me to write a readable account of life in a decadent New England hill town, I conceived the task to be unusually difficult. The story was old. The press had been exploiting rural degeneracy for years; the "Forum" had discussed it, President Hyde had lectured upon it, Mr. Philip Morgan and Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn had told it only a year before in the "Atlantic" itself. In order to be sure of a hearing, I must, therefore, find some new medium of expression. With this in mind, I chose the form of the light essay, and I tried to make it attractive by describing some of the amusing phases of rustic life and character. "A joke," said I, "may find him who a sermon flees." That, to use the happy phrase of Stevenson, "was a good idea, but failed to please." What with city journalists attacking me in flaming editorials, country papers assaulting me with symposiums, preachers flaying me in courses of sermons, district schoolma'ams belaboring me with poems, and even invalids getting up on their elbows to pen imprecations, I found myself involved in a cyclonic uproar. And if any publisher would like a volume on comparative vituperation, I think myself qualified to prepare such a treatise.

My enemies had the frenzy, I the facts. Then what ought I to do? Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) bade me keep quiet, though, he added, "The most Christian thing is to reply." Mr. E. H. Clement, on the other hand, urged me to answer my critics. As I had no personal feeling in the matter, I gathered together a considerable mass of corroborative testimony, and wrote for the Boston "Transcript" a dispassionate review of the situation, merely claiming that, if I had really deserved all that abuse, I had, nevertheless, sinned in excellent company. I quoted such observers as Professor Mary A. Jordan, Professor D. Collin Wells, the Rev. E. P. Pressey, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Sanborn, and, had I felt at liberty to make use of personal letters, I might have added to that list other names of national repute and influence. The result of the "Transcript" article was to deflect the discussion from personal to sociological issues.

Now, to borrow an epigram from Dr. Abbott, "let us have light, not heat." These present papers are intended to show the causes of rural decline, and to point the way to an effectual remedy. While, of course, there is in this instance, as in most others, an interaction and interlocking of social forces, it seems to me that the inquiry naturally begins in the realm of economics, proceeds thence to social conditions, and leads from social conditions to the status of religion. I shall follow that order.

Economically, the case of rural New England is the case of Peter. The case of the great West and the great cities is the case of Paul. We have been robbing Peter to pay Paul. New England, with its hilly surface and stony soil, was never supremely adapted to agriculture; farming throve perforce while the bulk of our populations lay east of the Alleghanies; it declined perforce when those populations spread across the Mississippi Valley and opened up the plains. The middle West is more fertile, the remoter West is a better grazing country; and now that the railroads, furnishing cheap and swift transportation, have given the West the next stall to New England in the world's market, the competition is overwhelming. Montana and Wyoming are, therefore, our chief purveyors of beef and mutton, of hides and of wool; the middle West produces our cereals; and even States as far east as Ohio and Indiana join the unwitting agricultural league against New England. Statistics show clearly what coin we have paid to Paul. They show equally clearly from whom we took that coin.

In certain respects even Pennsylvania and Florida have hurt New England. Wood fuel, once in demand for the city and the railroad, is replaced by Pennsylvania coal; and early-grown berries and

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garden produce, formerly so profitable, now reach Boston many weeks later than their Southern competitors, and consequently fail to secure high prices.

Little by little the outrivaled New Englander has revised his theory of farming. He used to command a wide and varied market, and in those days his land was sown with as varied crops. Now he regards a farm chiefly as a means to supply his own table and feed his horses, while in addition to that it will provide grazing and fodder for a half-dozen "caows," whose cream goes to the co-operative dairy, and whose skim-milk feeds a couple of bull calves intended for the butcher. Occasionally a "critter" is sold. In the spring more or less maple sugar is shipped away, in the summer a few loads of vegetables, in the fall a good deal of fruit; but the main staples of old-time farming are no longer profitable. During the last quarter-century the New England States have declined as regards the number of farms, as regards the number of acres given to agriculture, and as regards the valuation of farm property.

And yet a decadent industry is expected to support a more extravagant style of living. City fashions have come in. Modern "improvements" are eagerly sought for. Linens and woolens, once spun, woven, and dyed in the farm-house, now come ready-made from town. The simple peasant costume of fifty years ago has long since been exchanged for costlier clothing. The quaint homestead is "fixed over;" new-fangled furniture purchased on the installment plan; a parlor organ, rarely played, introduced; and the passion for patent medicines indulged regardless of expense. "Roots an' yarbs" are obsolete. So is the whole household régime of the more prosperous period.

Meanwhile the farmer has been made game of by foes both East and West. Fabulous documents are still circulated through rural New England by banking, mining, and real estate boomers, inviting ruinous investment. Local peddlers, quacks, fakirs, swindlers, and medicine men continually fleece the unwary. Extreme poverty is often traceable to the depredations of "benefit orders," which, I believe, have had their day. The plan was lucid. You put in $300, you waited seven years, you drew out $1,000. That outrageous proposition appealed at the outset only to the ultra-gullible, but when the first seven years went by and the first few investors actually received their unearned fortune, the whole countryside went money-mad. The new gospel entered upon a fanatical campaign of propagandism; everybody hastened to "go in" and to make everybody else "go in;" scoffers were ostracized; feuds, originating in the clash of common sense with acquisitive insanity, endure to this hour. Of course the bubble burst, and those who had put their savings into it suddenly awoke to find themselves penniless. Apparently there is in all this world no sort of man so helpless in the grip of knavery as the New England farmer. Even the butchers conspire against him. They combine to fix the buying price of live beef and pork. Then they combine to fix the selling price of the same beef and pork when delivered at the farm-house door as meat. The farmer growls, but submits.

One notices a similar want of forethought and a similar narrowness of view in the management of the farm itself. Watching the returns of last year's sales, the farmer observes, we will say, that onions paid well. As a result, he sows onions broadcast, regardless of the fact that every other farmer is doing the same thing, and that onions will therefore be a drug on the market and bring low prices. Apparently, too, there has been little attention to the proper rotation of crops. Moreover, in river valleys, where tobacco is grown, there is a dogged persistence in old ways. Tobacco was exceedingly profitable for a time; of late years it has paid poorly or not at all; yet the farmer, unwilling to admit himself beaten by the South, goes on raising tobacco at a loss, hoping for better returns next season.

Outrivaled by Western and Southern competition, forced to meet increased living expenses, exploited by swindlers, and little able even to secure the best possible yield from a depleted soil, the New England agriculturist succumbs to adversity or retreats before it. I have traveled through sections where for miles at a stretch every farm had been abandoned. I have lived in a village where three-eighths of the farms were mortgaged; other observers report far more

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lamentable conditions. In many hill towns a burned building is not replaced. You will find communities where the newest house is twenty years old. Few fields are being cleared out of the forest. It is common to hear the villagers say, "The only place that's growin' 's the cemetery." Real estate values are steadily falling. What wonder, then, that all who can are getting out! That shocking exodus which began at the close of the Civil War and continued with the growth of the West still goes on.

At present the West is not New England's most menacing Paul. The Paul of to-day is the great city or the flourishing river town. For if New England was not primarily designed for a farming country, it certainly was primarily designed for a manufacturing country. Its rough surface means abundant water-power. Hence, in addition to the modern "rush to the cities," there is a concomitant rush to the valleys. Wherever a stream can be dammed and a mill-race opened, you have a teeming population; wherever agriculture is the sole basis of subsistence, you have at best the premonitory symptoms of decline, at worst an advanced stage of depopulation.

And the misfortune which overtakes the stricken towns is not a mere reduction in quantity. It is also a reduction in quality. The ambitious, energetic, progressive element departs; the stolid, enfeebled, immobile element remains. The community becomes a concentration of fatalistic old-fogyism. It loses all healthy ideals, resists any attempt at improvement, frowns upon every sort of innovation, and goes into hysterics when its degeneracy is subjected to sociological analysis. Nor is this all. Newcomers are in part replacing the outgoing multitudes—newcomers of an exceedingly undesirable sort. Sometimes they are French-Canadians, sometimes Poles, sometimes Italians, sometimes negroes. Frequently, however, they are drawn from the lowest strata of our city slums. Hence the forces that would normally make for economic recovery are being woefully depleted. Abandoned farms are bad enough; abandoned farmers are worse.

Incidentally, decadence confers certain unmistakable benefits, which should not be overlooked. Draft away a third of the population, and there is enough for the remaining two-thirds to work at. You have, therefore, no class of unemployed laborers, and there is no labor movement, nor any evidence of dissatisfaction with "the existing social order." Better yet, the village maintains no guild of endowed idlers.

Moreover, it is encouraging to observe that not a few active agencies are working toward improvement. New Englanders farm better than they once did; they use the best implements, and they spend a great deal of money on fertilizers. Agricultural colleges, experiment stations, farm journals, and granges exert a beneficial influence. Village improvement societies occasionally check the downward tendency, or at least mitigate its outward symptoms. Trolley lines facilitate communication between village and village and between country and city. Here and there the establishment of high schools and academies insures the residence of a nucleus of educated people, whose presence is a continual stimulus to the community life. Now and then the rapid growth of a contiguous town elevates the village to the rank of a suburb. But the most promising factor is the development of summer resorts. In the more picturesque regions of New England the outing hotel, the vacation boarder, and the old homestead transformed into a villa already make for recuperation.

Consequently, the New England farming village is sociologically a mixed problem. Here you have a community wasted with economic disease; yonder a community full of vigor and hopefulness. You vacillate between optimism and despair. But the final summation is not encouraging. Taken as a whole, rural New England has slipped back. In general, the forces of decline overmatch the forces of recovery. In many localities the process of decay has advanced so far that an alarming proportion of the inhabitants are sunk in a hideous degradation. It is even possible to find entire hamlets reduced to the level of "poor white trash," living in misery, squalor, and unspeakable licentiousness. And the "cracker" class will increase rather than diminish as long as the present economic tendencies go unresisted.

In the face of such distressing conditions, there are three distinct attitudes

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which we may assume. The first is the attitude of ignorant optimism; through our sentimental fondness for old New England we may pooh-pooh its perils. That is the attitude of the New York "Sun," which piously adores New England because New England is the source of that antique theology through which the "Sun" expects the forgiveness of its sins. The second attitude is the attitude of passive optimism; we may shut our eyes to disagreeable facts and consider only the pleasant ones. That is the commonly very comfortable (but occasionally very peevish) attitude of the aged Springfield "Republican." The third attitude is the attitude of active optimism, which hopes all things from hard, patient, unremitted work, hopes absolutely nothing from *laissez-faire*, and determines to make the case better before the case gets worse. That is the attitude of the Boston "Transcript." I think it the most manly of the three.

No sociologist at all acquainted with the decadent New England village can escape the conviction that the remedy must be sought, and sought speedily, in some form of what is by general consent called "social work." The demand is for the clear mind and trained will of an expert, who shall have in him the spirit of Balzac's "Country Doctor." He must have gained the experience of such men as Percy Alden and Robert Woods. He must have the financial backing of an organized association. If necessary, he must be supplied with a staff of assistants. His work may assume a very different aspect from that of Mansfield House or Toynbee Hall, but it has essentially the same problem to deal with.

That a movement like this is beset with difficulties I am by no means unaware. The next paper of this series will discuss them at length. Suffice it for the present that the project has already received the sympathetic indorsement of Mr. Edwin D. Mead, editor of the "New England Magazine;" of Mr. Robert A. Woods and Mr. William I. Cole, both of South End House, in Boston; of the Rev. Drs. Lyman Abbott, Josiah Strong, and Edward Everett Hale; and of such influential journals as the New York "Tribune" and the Boston "Transcript."

Given a social settlement, or its rural counterpart, what could it do toward the economic regeneration of rural New England? Let us see.

(1) In the first place, it will improve the conditions of agriculture. By maintaining a model farm, operated by a graduate of an agricultural college, it will put the behests of the college, the experiment station, the farm journal, and the grange into actual, visible practice. "Unnecessary," says some one? "Altogether necessary," I answer, for the agricultural college, instead of turning out farmers, commonly recruits the ranks of commerce and the professions; the bulletins of the experiment station, inherently of the utmost value, excite the wonder of the decadent New Englander, but too often fail to overcome his inherited distrust of "book farming;" the farm journal, while containing excellent suggestions, is unable to counteract native inertia in the neediest districts; and as for the grange, the grange is an admirably good thing where it exists, but in the decayed villages it has died out, along with every other progressive factor of rural life. A model farm, then, would serve as a valuable object-lesson, especially as it might be made to give employment to a considerable number of villagers, who would be quick to learn all that it could teach. Moreover, having originally secured its capital from the settlement association, it could be made to pay dividends, besides helping to support the social work of the settlement. This is not saying that such an enterprise would succeed in New England as it would succeed in Iowa or Indiana; it is, however, safe to promise that it would be moderately profitable, particularly if it should adopt a scheme of intensive farming. It has been abundantly demonstrated abroad that the best results are attained by the high cultivation of a limited area rather than by the lax treatment of large farms. By intensive methods the soils of Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Germany are kept at a maximum fertility, although infinitely older than those of New England. We may wisely imitate foreign practice. Then, in connection with the model farm, it will be advisable to establish groups of men for the study of the diseases of animals and of crops, of insect pests and their preventives, of the chemical and cultural needs of growing

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crops, of the propagation of new and desirable varieties, of the methods of best counteracting the effect of drought, of the proper rotation of crops, of the restoration of fertility to exhausted soils, and of the possibility of developing new branches of agriculture and horticulture, such as the growing of fruit and vegetables under glass for winter sales, and the growing of flowers for the perfumer.

(2) There are brilliant opportunities for co-operation. Already New England supports innumerable co-operative creameries. Co-operative canning-factories also succeed. Why, then, should we not have a co-operative meat-shop to outwit that unscrupulous and extortionate combination of butchers; a co-operative "store" to reduce prices and at the same time offer a less antiquated grade of goods; and even a scheme of co-operative production, whereby the farmers of a large area should agree to sow a moderate diversity of crops, so apportioned individually as to avoid glutting the market with one or two blindly favored commodities? Once leagued together for co-operative farming (the plan works well in England), the villagers could deal direct with the town purchaser, thereby dispensing with that bogie of the countryside, the middleman.

(3) The settlement must shield the farmers against fraud. Country people are quick to follow the example of the people they think wiser than themselves. When they learn that the residents at the settlement turn a deaf ear to peddlers, tear up the Montana mining prospectus unread, laugh at the benefit order, control the appetite for patent medicines, and scorn the purchase of luxuries on the installment plan, they will do likewise. Little by little the confidence of the community will be won; and before wild ventures are entered upon, the advice of the settlement will be sought.

(4) Manufacturing is possible. Let the association establish a factory, and expect very appreciable returns upon its investment. At present manufacturing is carried on to a small extent in the country, but generally the enterprise is undercapitalized at the outset, mismanaged by inefficient executives, and unable, by reason of its inexpert traveling salesmen, to command adequate market for its wares. And yet the country factory possesses several marked advantages over its urban competitors. For all the coarser kinds of wood-working, the rural manufacturer is nearer the forest of standing timber. There is, for instance, in the little hamlet of Leverett, Mass., a shop which turns out the best wooden box in America. The wood is cut in the neighborhood, and comes down hill to the sawmill. The rent of the plant is astonishingly low. Operatives, receiving only a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a day, live comfortably, each family in its own pretty cottage, and ride to and from their work in their own wagons and carriages. Now, why not invest money in a venture like that? Put a trained business man at the head of it, furnish him with sufficient capital, give him a couple of energetic drummers, introduce a programme of profit-sharing, and bring prosperity to a whole community. As regards the finer grades of production, there is a lesson in Mr. Elbert Hubbard's interesting experiment at East Aurora, N. Y. All the superb skill necessary for the making of those sumptuous Roycroft books was either discovered or developed among the village people; and while, of course, there is a wide variance between East Aurora and a degenerate country town in New England, I have every reason to suppose that the latter, nevertheless, contains plenty of latent talent. I have received, too, in a very kind letter from Mr. Ross Turner, an admirable suggestion. Mr. Turner inclosed a communication from a certain "Mr. Kennebunk" (identity unknown) to the effect that many of the antique industries of colonial times might be profitably revived. Good! Let us set the handloom in motion once more, let us restore the quaint embroidery, let us bring back all the charming needlework of that elder day. In this way we shall devise a score of arts and crafts which can be carried on in the home.

(5) While the remedies hitherto suggested go squarely against the tendency of the time, a fifth concurs with the movement. If possible, we must make the village a summer resort. No amount of care will be wasted in the attempt to enhance its attractions. A village improvement society will enter upon landscape gardening, remove disfiguring advertisements,

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and delight in a well-kept common. It will provide street lamps and sidewalks. It will even go in for bicycle paths, for golf links, and for pretty rowboats on the lake. Among the hills, paths will be opened to their finest summits. And the village improvement society will be honestly outdone by the settlement association, which will devote a part of the funds accruing from the model farm, or from the factory, or from both, to a beneficial speculation in real estate. Abandoned property, bought for a song, can be cheaply transformed to suit the needs of summer residence. It can then be properly advertised and successfully rented or sold. Let this programme be consistently carried out, and investors will be eager to establish a vacation hotel, which in itself holds the key to a new era of prosperity.

Here, then, are five practical suggestions for the economic regeneration of rural New England. I consider them a rational basis for a splendid optimism.

A Hospital Sketch

By Elizabeth B. Thelberg, M.D.

AS I drove up the long avenue leading to the Children's Hospital and round to the doctor's house at the left of the main building, I saw Willie.

I have often wondered if the circumstances under which I first beheld the child caused me to take that immediate and lively interest in him; but I am inclined to think it was rather the innate loveliness of Willie's character. The circumstances of that first glimpse *were*, however, peculiar. Willie was standing under a hydrant, dripping from head to foot, and smiling ecstatically at the success of his enterprise!

He was at the dear age of "not quite three," fat and fair and dimpled, his head covered with curls, which he declared to be "not red, but dolden!"

He had a pair of twinkling blue eyes, so lively, so full of humor and intelligence, that they won one's heart directly.

"A broth of a boy!" declared Maggie, the night nurse. "Celestial sweetness" was the title bestowed upon him by my third assistant, a sentimental young Jewess from Philadelphia; and one and all named him "but to praise," until my young man became so surfeited with attention that in self-defense he learned to cry out, as soon as he saw the procession of doctors and nurses upon their rounds, "I love *ev*'ybody! I love *ev*'ybody!" anticipating the numerous queries as to the state of his affections.

Willie was born in the hospital. His mother, Mary McKennan, was a black-haired, blue-eyed young woman from the North of Ireland, so good and so capable that she had been retained and put in charge of the storerooms. Willie's cheerful answer to all inquiries concerning his paternal relative was, "Me fader is a saint wid God."

Upon the night of my arrival, Willie, as might have been expected, had the croup. For some time after this he slept away from his mother, in a ward where he could be watched and a recurrence guarded against. On making a midnight visit to this ward in the week following, I came upon Master Willie, looking like an English dude, in his long checked flannel night ulster, calmly sitting up to a social little supper with his friend Maggie, the night nurse. Bad discipline, very! but he looked supremely content, and old Maggie said, "You'd never believe, Doctor, how like a lamb he sleeps after it!"

Julia, a Swedish woman, who fed the two-year-olds, was a great favorite with all the children. I had noticed that Willie called her "Precious Julia," and found the explanation of this endearing term when, one Sunday, his little treble sounded clear and high in the hymn "Precious Jewels"—"He shall gather, He shall gather the gems for His kingdom, all His *Julias*, *precious* JULIAS, His loved and His own!" And from that day it was "Precious Julia" universally.

Willie's was a tender and sympathizing little soul. I once found him tugging at the apron of a sobbing woman, saying, sweetly and solemnly, "Don't ky, Katie, don't ky! Baby ain't in a black hole, oh, no, Katie; he's up in Hebbin! Hebbin's

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a *nice* place, a *very* nice place! *I* can see it outen my doctor-marmer's house!"

He meant the sunsets, which he was very fond of watching from my western windows. When there came the bright golden glow between the clouds, he would cry out, "*There's* Hebbin! *I* see it! And *there's* where the babies is!"

Poor little man! he became early "acquainted with grief."

On Sunday noons Willie used, quite against all rules, to hang about the doors of the officers' dining-room, stunningly gotten up in a white dress and a big blue sash—with his curls "too killing!" as he himself was wont to remark complacently. And it was indeed an unfriendly Sabbath if some one was not cajoled into smuggling the small scamp in to dinner. Having escaped the sharp eye of the matron, and established at my right hand, all doubts and fears removed, Willie would put his hands together and give fervent thanks in the following words: "Our Fader—Our Fader—*Our* Fader in Hebbin! Amen!"

"Come, Willie!" I once heard his mother call to him, "come to mamma."

"No, you ain't!" he replied. "My doctor-mamma is my mamma!"

"What am I, then?" asked Mary, in no wise offended.

"Oh, you are a friend of mine!" said Willie, coolly.

But the best of friends must part, and there came a time when Willie and I were compelled to say good-by.

Although I went to five hundred other babies, I sent many a lonely thought back to the little lad, and two years later I made a journey to the hospital chiefly to see him again.

He knew me at once; had talked almost daily of my coming back, they told me. But, oh! the golden curls! and, oh! the skin of pearl and roses! The face that looked up into mine was a perfect little map of Ireland!

Still, out of the mass of freckles and from beneath the thatch of red, red hair looked the dear old twinkling eyes, and it was Willie!

He was delighted with the toys I brought him, and carried them off in triumph to display to friends and companions.

When the hour for my train drew near, Willie was not to be found. I wished to see him again, but no search revealed him.

At last, giving it up, I went out to my carriage; there sat Willie upon the step. At a glance I saw what had happened. He had on his thick winter overcoat—though it was June—his best hat was upon his head, in one hand his rubber boots, and with the other arm he hugged close the drum I had brought to him.

They had told him I would come back and take him away, and most unquestioningly he had believed it. How I wished I could—freckles, rubber boots, and all!

Ah, well! Mary married the engineer, and Willie is very happy with a growing family of brothers and sisters; but even now my throat swells as I recall so vividly just how the westering sun shone down upon that little face, from which I saw absolute joy and confidence fade away, and a homesick longing and doubt of the stability of all things mortal take their place.

Then and Now

By M. Algon Kirby

Large-writ and clear before men's eyes
Dame Nature's primer lay;
In winds and streams, in starry skies,
The symbols of that day:
Now hid in books each science lies;
Men marvel less—yet scarce more wise.

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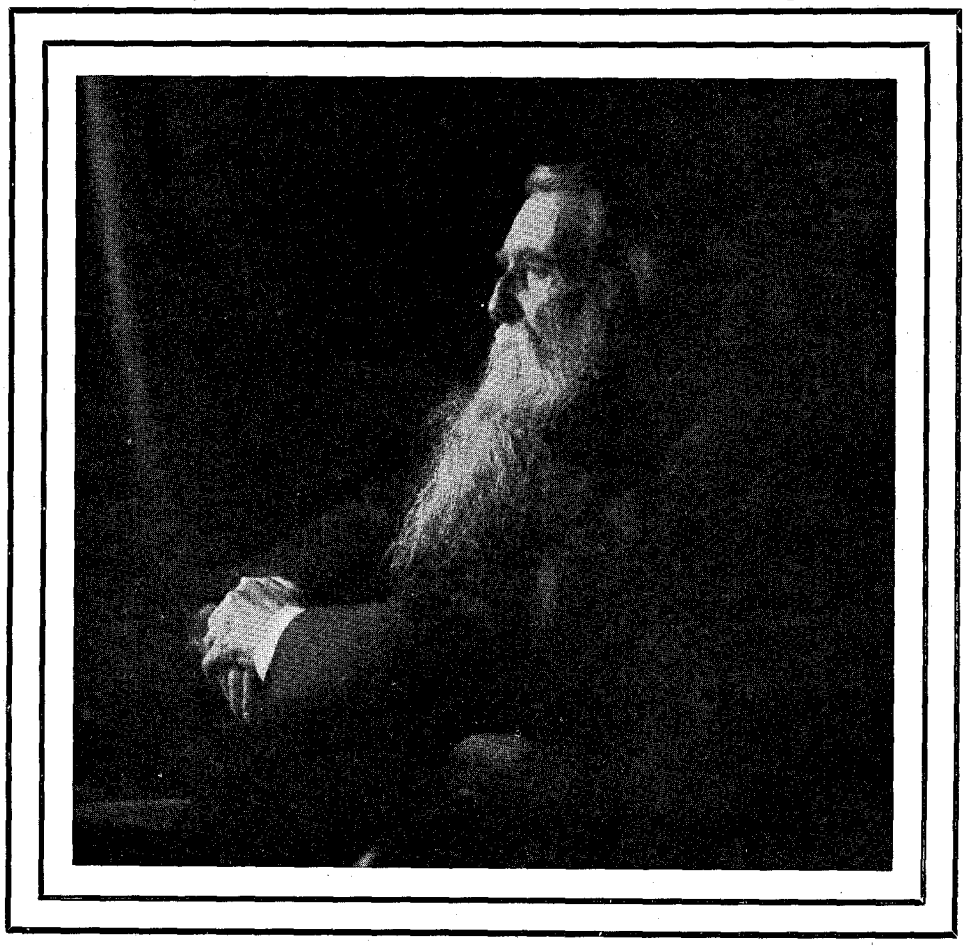
Photograph by F. Hollyer. Pose arranged by Holman Hunt.



JOHN RUSKIN

BY THE REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY

Rural Dean and Vicar of Crosthwaite, Keswick.

WE had been expecting his release from the frail body of this death any time in the past three or four years. The Master whose fire and fervor and restless energy of brain and tireless hand had done the work of three men for St. George and Merrie England, had been all this while sitting at Brantwood, as it were, with folded hands, waiting, with calm serenity, for his angel friend. And very kindly and with tenderness of approach had Death at last come.

A little touch of feverish cold, a retiring to his bed for a single day, and then a sinking into that "golden slumber" spoken of in the song whose music last fell upon his willing ears; and so his eyes, with their memory of St. Gothard, as Turner saw it, still undimmed, closed, and he went beyond the pass that is so cold, and sometimes so full of storm and pain, into the land of life and peace and endless spring.

Almost it would seem as if the heavens built their gates of gold and opened doors of glory for his bright spirit's welcoming. The day had been a day of cloud and storm. The hills, purple black, had stood in gloom above a leaden lake, when, on Friday, January 19, the call came. Ruskin

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sank to rest, and sudden radiance seemed showered out of heaven. A great light lay upon the water-flood, cloud-bastions of fire reared themselves above the hills, and such splendor fell on Coniston and Wetherlam and the russet crags of Tilberthwaite and Yewdale that the shepherd stared and the yeoman wondered, and the mourners took it for a sign. On Saturday, the 20th of January, within a few weeks of fulfilling the eighty-first year—for John Ruskin was born on the 8th of February, 1819—the laborious life of art criticism, of thought for the helping of the world, of high ideals, of noble philosophy, of impassioned utterance, of continual benevolence, was laid down without a sigh.

The funeral was fixed for the following Thursday. Westminster opened its portals to receive him, but Mrs. Arthur Severn was firm; she knew her cousin's wish, and she respected it. Writing to me after the funeral, she said: "I knew he deserved to rest in the Abbey, but my conscience does not reproach me for letting him rest in the shadow of the mountains he daily delighted to look upon; and he hated towns!"

Those who gazed upon him in his last sleep spoke of the gentleness of the face, and of the yellow-whiteness of his hair, like snow washed with gold. I could not reach Coniston in time to see it, for we were busy at Keswick preparing a pall to be laid upon the coffin. It was just such a pall as we knew he would have wished for. He much disliked the gloom of ordinary funeral trappings. He had had his own mother's coffin painted sky-blue, in protest against prevailing custom, when, in the quiet Shirley churchyard, he laid to earth "the dearest earth" he knew. So we designed a pall of simple unbleached linen, spun by hand and woven by hand under the eyes of a true disciple of the Master, who had been the first for his sake to revive spinning as a home industry in the dales. We had that pall lined with the richest, rosiest silk we could obtain, and on the surface of the pall were sprinkled by swift embroiderers the wild-rose—his favorite flower—in bud, full bloom, or in shredded petal. At the center was embroidered a fair wreath of these same flowers of St. George. Within the wild-rose wreath were written, by craft of the needle, the words "Unto this last," and beneath, bordered with gold thread, the initials J. R. It was fitting that this offering should come from members of the Keswick School of Industrial Arts and the Ruskin Linen Industry. These simple experiments of how to bring together joy and beauty in labor of the hands had been inspired by Ruskin's teaching and carried on in the Master's spirit.

The whole Lake Country had been deluged with rain all the week—the winds had moaned among the hills; but Thursday morning broke in silence, and I heard the first thrush sing, and saw the first snowdrop peep from underground. Yet, as one went towards Coniston, the brooks were brimming full, and when I stood upon the hill-crest above Monk Coniston, though Coniston Old Man and Wetherlam were hidden in dense cloud, voices spake from out of the cloud, and the foaming ghyll of Tilberthwaite seemed at that distance across Yewdale almost audible. Wordsworth's lines—

> Loud is the Vale. The voice is up
> Wherewith she speaks when storms are gone,

were constantly ringing up to mind, but as one gazed down into the deep mountain-trough wherein the village lay, backed by the russet and black wall of the Long Crags, though "sad and even to pain deprest," one could not help recalling the last two verses of that poem:

> A power *has passed* from off the earth
> To breathless nature's dark abyss;
> But when the great and good depart,
> What is it more than this?
>
> That man who is from God sent forth
> Doth yet again to God return;
> Such ebb and flow must ever be:
> Then wherefore should we mourn?

It was not only Wordsworth's poem that was

> The Comforter who found me there
> Upon the lonely road,

for as I gazed over that mere of the Norse chieftain Thorstein, who gave it his name, there was suddenly an opening in the clouds. The southwest was suddenly filled with radiance, and a burst of glorious sunshine fell upon Walney Scar and the lowlands of Torver, and, traveling across the water-flood, seemed to rest upon the Brantwood slopes with tenderest benison.

I thought of the times I had seen the Master there—how, with both arms out-

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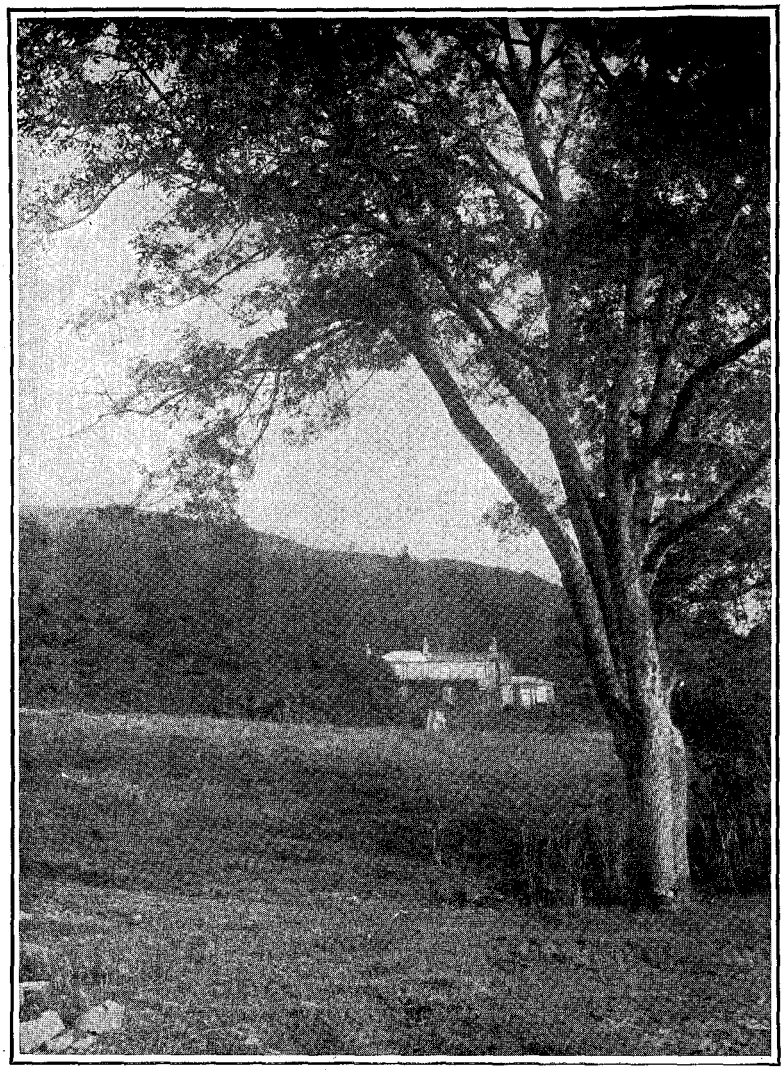

BRANTWOOD—A DISTANT VIEW

stretched, and cheery silver voice and happy welcome of blue-gray eyes, he had led me through the door to his sanctum for earnest talk, or taken me to his treasure-chamber and shown me wonder of mineral, glory of drawing, riches of manuscript illumination, or called me to go down by winding path through garden woodland to the Fell.

I remembered how, in his later time of broken health, I had seen him burdened with sadness and imaginary woe unutterable and almost beyond bearing for anguish, for the thought of a life wasted and work useless and undone. I remembered a later visit when I found him in absolute serenity of unclouded heart, at rest and in peace, sitting with gentle hands clasped gazing with love and wonder—almost as a child might gaze—upon the bouquet of wild flowers just placed before him for his pleasure and delight. "Flowers," he once wrote, "seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity." He spoke of them then in his full strength; he little knew how much they would mean of help and comfort to his last few years of painless weakening and failing vigor.

I never went to Brantwood again. I saw him sitting there, his long white beard falling downward as it is seen in that admirable portrait which Holman

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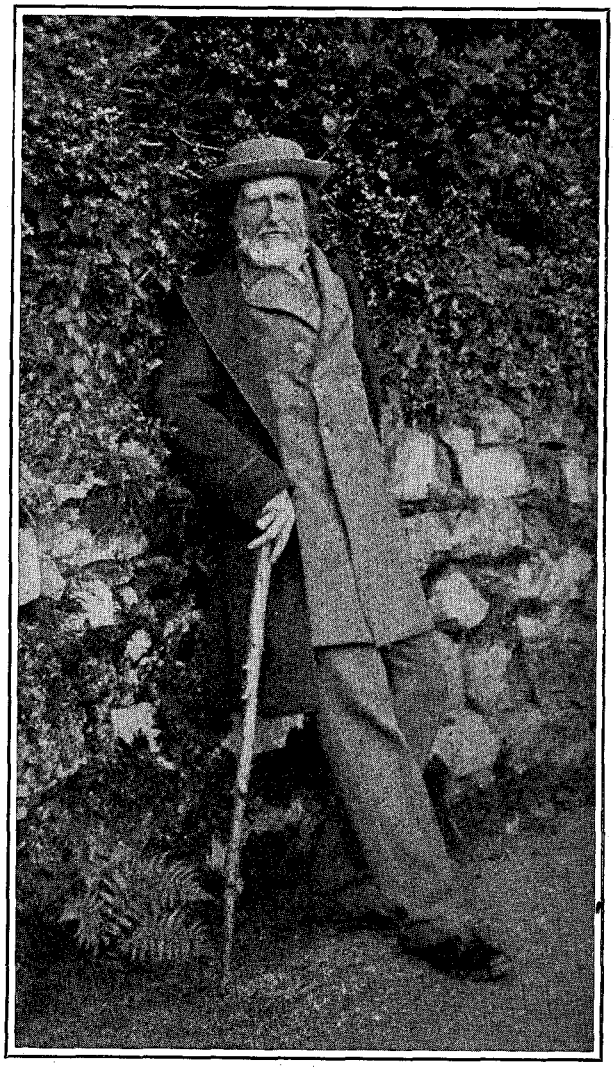
Hunt arranged for Hollyer to take, and I felt that I should not care to chance the sight of his enfeebled age, less

serene and bright
And lovely as a Lapland night,

that was leading him to the grave. What was the charm of the visit to Brantwood, for all his guests, in the time of his health and strength? It was assuredly this, that the Master of the house set himself to the task of entertainment, heart and soul; added honor to honor by the way in which he evidently devoted himself unsparingly to the visitor. Here was the busiest man in the literary world of our England giving precious time to the invited guest, and the guest knew that in order to do this the giver had risen earlier from bed that day, and seen the "rose of morning" blossom and fade upon the Coniston fell, that he might the better spend hours of the afternoon as host and entertainer.

But down below me lay the white village of the little square church, with its flag at half-mast high, and I knew that the Master of Brantwood had left his home beneath the hills forever, and that he lay now, swathed in flowers he could not see, within the church, and there waited in the solemn silence for his burial.



JOHN RUSKIN AT BRANTWOOD IN 1878

But it was not of Ruskin at Brantwood I thought most, but of Ruskin in the full, breezy vigor of his masterhood, there at the city of his love, that city whose chief shame to-day is that she ever allowed the name of her benefactor and faithfulest servant to be taken from her roll of professors, even though he left her in disdain. Ruskin at Oxford during his first term of Slade Professorship was the Ruskin I had in mind as I went downward to the valley of his sepulture.

Who can forget those lectures in the Museum?—the crowd of expectant students drawn by one magnet from such different pursuits and various lines of study and interest. His manner of speech had a peculiar power of appeal in it. Its tone and timbre were full of feeling. It was the speech of one who sang rather than spoke to us. His message was rhythmic and musical. His peculiar dwelling on and roll of the *r* in such a word as "entirely" was never to be forgotten. His manner changed with his feeling, and was swift or slow as suited his subject. He used his hands to emphasize what he said—hands so delicate, so full of expression; hands he used to clap with pleasure, or fold together almost as in prayer. He won all our hearts, not only by his unconventionality and undonnish

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ways, but because he took such infinite pains for us; and of all men I ever met he was the best listener. It astonished us young Balliol undergraduates, who were fortnightly guests of his "Hinksey Diggers" breakfast in his rooms at Corpus College, to find not only that he gave us his time but his most serious attention also. Delightful as it was to see him hard at work upon the heap of stones by the wayside of the village green, diligently showing us the right way to break stones, it was more delightful still to be able to stroll back through the sunset meadows and the cool shadowy walks at eventide, and hear him talk of his hopes for Oxford when men should use their muscles less for mere joy of rivalry on river or on the running-path, and more for the service of the poor who lived round about them. People laughed at us and mocked at the Professor, but I do not think there would have been any university settlement in London but for the Hinksey Digging; and most of us who went with the Master to our weekly task of road-making and road-mending have lived to see the lesson which we learned there bear fruit in other such experiments.

People ask me what he looked like. His notable personal features were his delicate aquiline nose, his sensitive mouth, his tender blue eyes, his abundance of straight yellow-brown hair. Below the average height and somewhat hollow-chested, he made up for a certain unrobustness of appearance by his habit of dressing in the thick gray-brown laxey cloth, as seen in that best of photographs by Barraud. The sky-blue tie, except when he mourned for his mother, was always part of his dress, and a long, delicate gold chain for his watch hung loosely round his neck and fell about his waistcoat.

He has no need to tell the hours any more; we are bound to his burial. As I entered the village and passed to the church, I found the yeomen and dalesfolk, in their decent black, all going the same way.

"Well, well, we cuddn't deä otherwise but see the last o' th' ald Professor," they said. "He was sic a partic'ler man for th' daale, was so fond o' the bairns an' aw, and when he was stirrin' aboot, for aw that he was much resigned to his oan company, he was nivver abuv passin' time o' daay, and hevin' a crack wi' anybody." What he had been to Coniston let a paragraph from a local paper tell:

Mr. Ruskin's connection with Coniston practically dates from 1871, when he purchased Brantwood. During the earliest years of his residence there he was a familiar figure in the village, and on his way to and from his home would often step into some wayside cottage and chat with its inmates. He took much interest in the schools, of which he was one of the managers, and was a frequent visitor there. At these times he would enter into pleasant conversation with the scholars, asking them all sorts of unexpected questions on a variety of subjects, which, being somewhat out of the usual range of ordinary school-teaching, were apt to produce considerable confusion amongst the youngsters. On one occasion he held up a sovereign and inquired as to the meaning of the words forming the superscription. Meeting with no response, he proceeded to explain the matter in charming fashion, and wound up the lesson by handing over the coin to the schoolmaster to be expended amongst his hearers in sweets and chocolate. He clothed the wall of the school-room with a large number of *facsimile* drawings, after Prout, Nash, and others, of famous specimens of architecture, and these are still to be seen there. In the school yard may also be seen the remains of a large orrery, which, at considerable expense, he caused to be constructed for astronomical instruction, and showing inside its circumference the principal constellations of the heavens. Or, making his way into the infants' department, he would pick up any of the tiny scholars whom he found to be in trouble, entering into their childish woes with the utmost tenderness, and generally succeeded by some means or other in restoring the smiles to their faces. Years before the days of general technical instruction he was the means of establishing a class for wood-carving in Coniston, which continues to exist. He took a great interest in the Coniston Institute, and, as the nucleus of a future museum in connection with it, presented a valuable collection of mineralogical specimens. A splendid model of the "Old Man" mountain and the adjacent hills, constructed for him by Mr. Collingwood, was also handed over to the Institute by him. On one occasion only, we believe, did he make any public utterance in Coniston, and this was in connection with a series of lectures organized by the Institute committee probably about twenty years ago. To this he contributed a lecture of a biographical character, dealing with the life of a Lieutenant Edwards, the hero of a minor war on the northwest frontier of India. The lecture attracted a considerable number of hearers from various parts of the country. Mr. Ruskin's generous assistance in connection with the movement for enlarging the Institute is of more recent date. To him, to the Severns, and to Mr. Collingwood, all associated with Brantwood, may be ascribed the greater part of the credit of providing the village with an institute such as is possessed by few places of much greater size. The most

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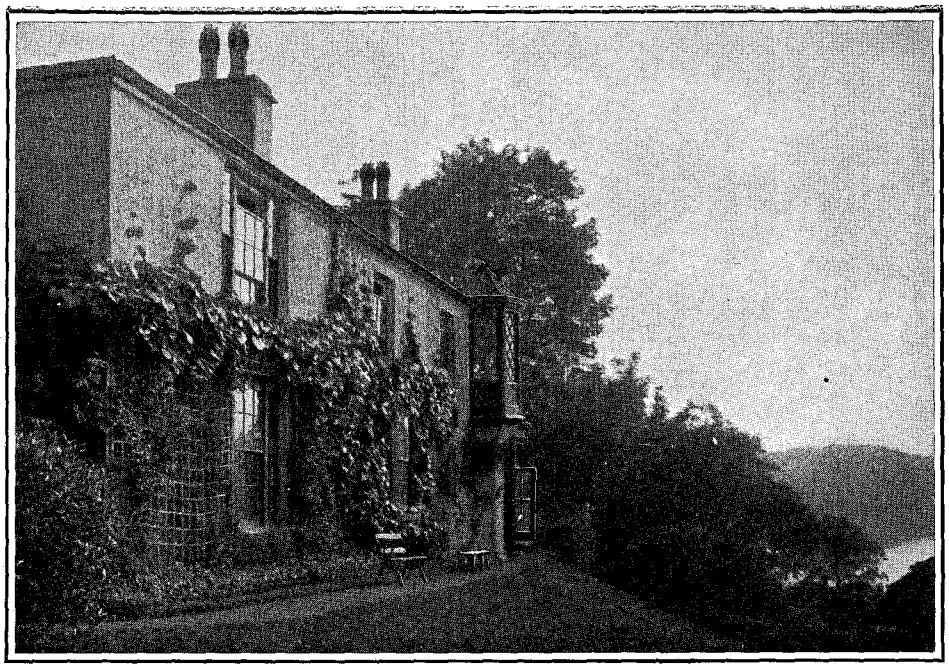

THE RUSKIN HOME

The middle window on the top floor opens from the room in which Ruskin died. At the corner turret window he used to sit during his last days.

attractive feature of the novel picture exhibition and sale organized in 1896 for the purpose of adding to the building fund was the inclusion of a large number of signed drawings and sketches by Mr. Ruskin, which alone produced considerably over £100. The greater portion of these were secured by Conistonians, and are now amongst their most cherished possessions. It is now a good many years since the Professor, through failing health, ceased to visit the village, although until a comparatively recent time he might be seen taking his favorite walk in the secluded lanes near Brantwood. His last appearance in the village was on the evening of the 7th of April, 1893, when he was present at a concert given by the Coniston Choral Society, at which Mrs. and Miss Severn were among the performers. The story of Mr. Ruskin's happy friendship with "The Ladies of the Thwaite," Miss Susie Beever and her sister Mary, is well known. To it we are indebted for that delightful collection of letters from his pen which form the volume known as "Hortus Inclusus," as well as the series of extracts from "Modern Painters" which fill the pages of "Frondes Agrestes." It is a fitting sequel to such a friendship that the dead professor should at last be laid to rest in close proximity to their graves. Conistonians have always been proud that so eminent a man should have made his home amongst them. But their pride and admiration of his wonderful talents have not been their only feelings.

I entered the church, a little homely building with no pretensions, and there before me, filling, as it seemed, the entrance to the tiny chancel, lay a mound of flowers flanked by six large burning candles. This was the "lying in state" we had heard of, and very simple state it seemed. The coffin was hid from view on all sides by the wreaths of floral tributes of friends. Mrs. Severn's cross of tea-roses lay upon it. The children's cross of violets and lilies hid all but the name-plate from view. Mr. Ruskin's friend and biographer, Mr. Collingwood, was in charge, and when the last of the long crowd of solemn fellside faces had passed back from the chancel, the candles were removed, the flowers were taken off, and the rose-embroidered linen pall from Keswick was spread over the coffin. Then two wreaths, and two only, were placed upon the pall—one of camellias, white and red, from the Princess Louise, the other a slender wreath of Italian laurel from his dear old friend Watts, the painter, "For the last of his friends," with the touching direction, "To be placed at his feet." And so we waited for the service.

Meanwhile one had to console the clerk, who had been misled by the fact that the Princess's wreath had come on her Majesty's service from Windsor, and who had

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supposed it a gift from the Queen. "You see, sir," he said, "there's so many folk asking questions, one gets fairly 'maizled.' I've told the gentlemen o' the papers that the Dean of Christchurch is coming, and he isn't, and I've told 'em the Queen has sent a wreath, and she hasn't, and the paper-gentlemen are gone away wid a pack o' lies—oh dear! oh dear!"

It was in keeping with our Northern love of truth that he should be distressed, but I consoled him by the thought that the Queen, as mother of the Princess, had in a way sent that wreath, and that though the Dean of Christchurch, Ruskin's old college, could not be both at Westminster Abbey and here at the same time, he had sent a representative, and so he, too, was, in a manner, present.

There were many beautiful wreaths with tender inscriptions, but my eye fell on one which seemed to have character and originality about it: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." It was a gift from the village tailor, and was meant in all deep earnestness to express the thought uppermost in the heart of a true disciple. It may have seemed at first sight to lack a little of the sense of humor, but, in all seriousness, the tailor was right; if ever man had been a voice crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," that man had been John Ruskin.

The service was simple and impressive. The special hymn I had written in loving memory of one to whom I owe so much was taken up with heart. Miss Wakefield, an old friend of the Professor, sang the song, "Comes at times a stillness as of even," and sang it with all her soul. And one of Ruskin's friends, son of the painter Richmond, read very impressively the lesson. Then the pall-bearers advanced, took the pall from the altar where it had been temporarily placed in order that all the congregation might see the Master's simple coffin, and, replacing the wreath of the Princess and the painter, they followed the coffin swathed in its rose embroidery away into the gray light of the solemn afternoon. Away through the gusts and the slight rain-sprinkle to the corner of the churchyard they went, bearing the dead Master to where his friends for so many years, the ladies of the Thwaite, the Misses Beever, were laid before him. When I last saw the coffin in its white-lined cell, it was covered with the rose-red silk of the underlining of the pall. It seemed to me as if all Oxford had shed its masters' hoods upon him in token of honor, as there he lay in his last resting-place.

As I turned away from the grave, I noted that all round about his rest were growing pines and deodars, and I remember how he had written that "the first thing as an event in his life" that he remembered was "the being taken by his nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag on Derwentwater," and how he had left it on record that the mossy roots of the Scotch firs that clasp that crag with their crooked hands had given him "intense joy, mingled with awe," that had associated itself in his mind with all twining roots of trees ever since.

He was now laid at the foot of the pine-trees he had so loved and honored in his life by his close observation and marvelous description. It seemed fitting that the roots of such trees should weave themselves about his sleep, and take his dust to their tender keeping.

Crosthwaite, Keswick.

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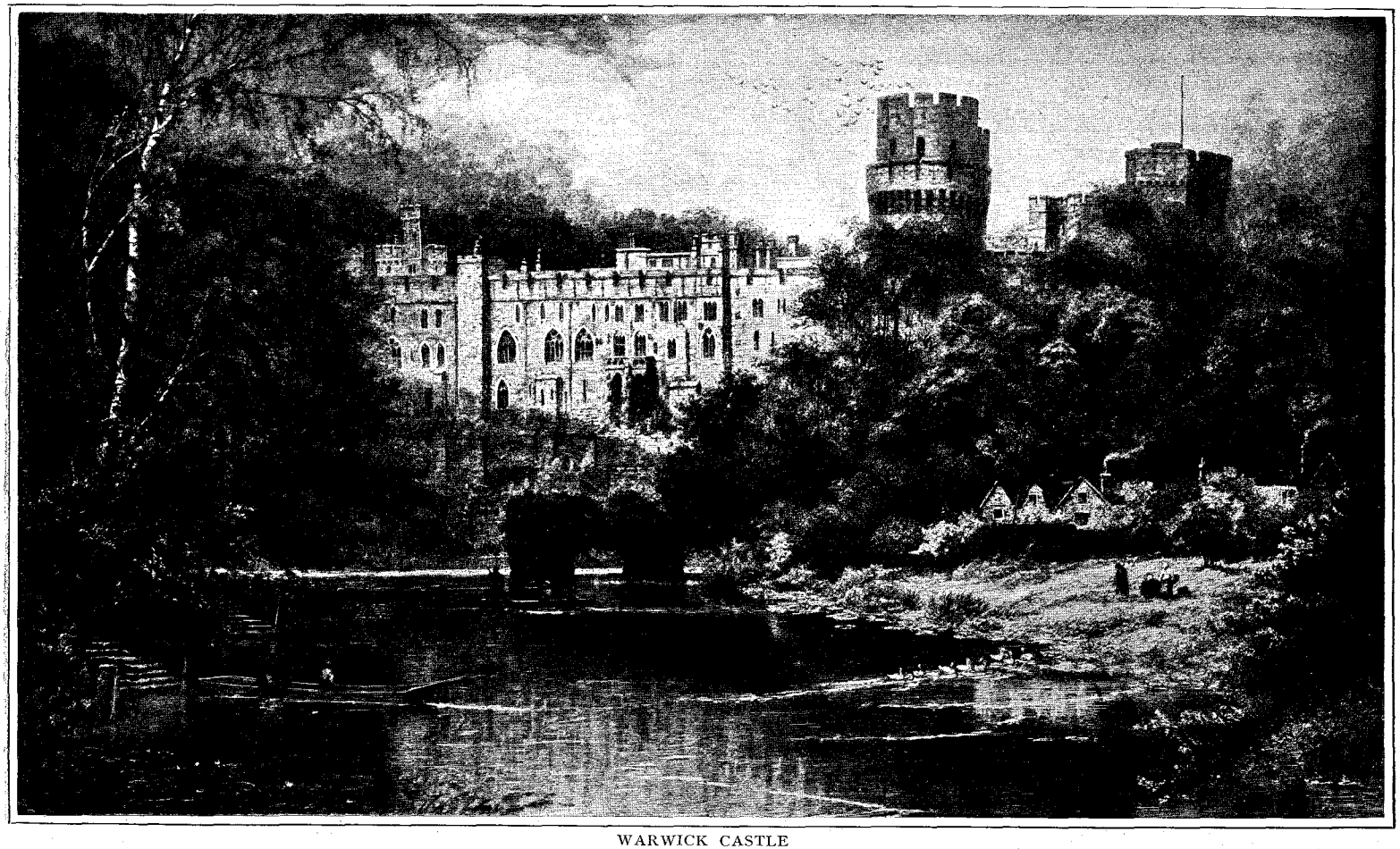

WARWICK CASTLE

From an etching of the painting by David Law.

A view from the Avon near the gardener's cottage; the arches of the ruined bridge in the foreground.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Poet, Dramatist, and Man

By

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

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Part III.—Shakespeare's Country

THE England of Shakespeare's boyhood and youth was not only dramatic in feeling but spectacular in form; the Queen delighted in those gorgeous pageants which symbolized by their splendor the greatness of her place and the dignity of her person. Her vigorous Tudor temper was thrown into bold relief by her intensely feminine craving for personal loyalty and admiration. One of the keenest and most adroit politicians of her time, her instincts as a woman were sometimes postponed to the exigencies of the State, but they were as imperious as her temper. Denied as Queen the personal devotion which as a woman she craved, she fed her unsatisfied imagination on flattery and imposing ceremonies. In the summer of 1575, when Shakespeare was in his twelfth year, the Queen made that memorable visit to Kenilworth Castle which has found its record in Scott's brilliant novel. Four years earlier, the royal presence at Charlecote (Sir Thomas Lucy, the future Justice Shallow, playing the part of host) had brought the Court into the immediate neighborhood of Stratford. Kenilworth is fifteen miles distant, but the magnificent pageants and stately ceremonies with which Leicester welcomed the Queen were matters of general talk throughout Warwickshire long before the arrival of Elizabeth.

The Queen's visit was made in July, when nature supplemented with lavish beauty all the various art and immense wealth which Leicester freely drew upon for the entertainment of his capricious and exacting mistress. Pageants and diversions of every kind succeeded one another in bewildering variety for ten days. The Queen was addressed by sibyls, by giants of Arthur's age, by the Lady of the Lake, by Pomona, Ceres, and Bacchus.

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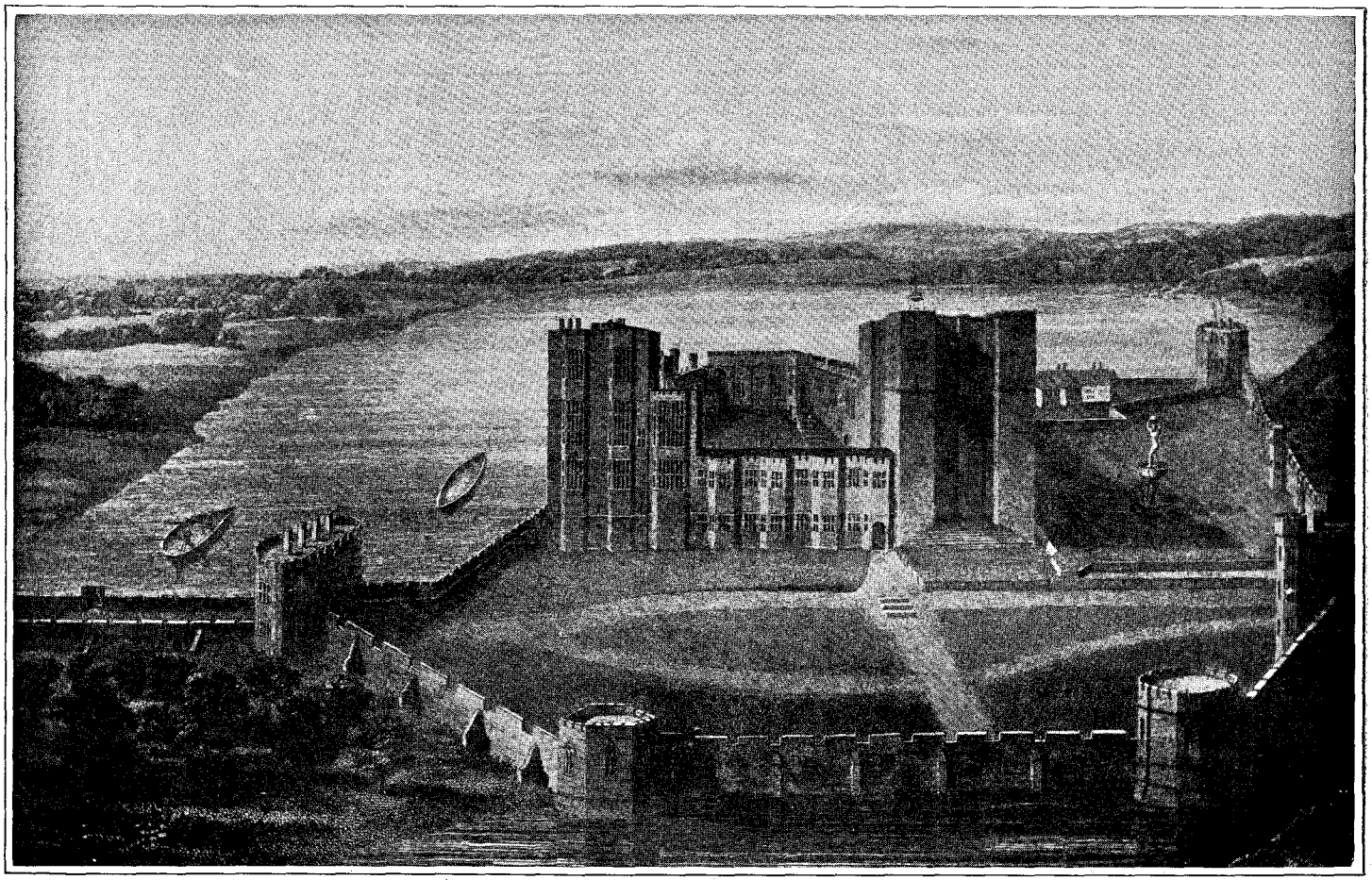

KENILWORTH CASTLE

From an old print showing the Castle as it appeared in 1620. The Castle was destroyed during and after the Civil War.

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ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER
From an engraving after the original painting.

There was a rustic marriage for her entertainment, and a mock fight representing the defeat of the Danes. Returning from the chase, Triton rose out of the lake and, in Neptune's name, prayed for her help to deliver an enchanted lady pursued by a cruel knight; and straightway the lady herself appeared, with an escort of nymphs; Proteus, riding a dolphin, following close behind. Then, suddenly, from the heart of the dolphin, a chorus of ocean deities sang the praises of the great and beautiful Queen. The tension of these splendid mythological and allegorical pageants was relieved by the tricks of necromancers, the feats of acrobats, and by fights between dogs and bears. The prodigality, semi-barbaric taste, and magnificence of the age were illustrated for a royal spectator with more than royal lavishness.

On a summer day the way from Stratford to the Castle lies through a landscape touched with the ripest beauty of England; a beauty not only of line and structure, but of depth and richness of foliage, of ancient places slowly transformed by the tender and patient and pious care of centuries of growth into masses of greenness so affluent and of such depth that it seems as if fountains of life had overflowed into great masses of foliage.

The summer days were doubtless long and wearisome to the boys in the Grammar School in the quiet village. The nightingale had ceased to sing along the Avon; the fragrance was gone from the hedges with their blossoms; midsummer was at its height; there was the smell of new-cut grass in the meadows, touched here and there with the glory of the scarlet poppy. Whether the coming of the Queen was made the occasion of granting a holiday it is much too late to assert or deny; that the more adventurous took one is more than probable. In those days even the splendor of the wandering players paled before that of the Queen. She had been seventeen years on the throne. She had all the qualities of her family: the Tudor imperiousness of temper, and the Tudor instinct for understanding her people and winning them. The Armada was thirteen years in the future, and the full splendor of a great reign was still to come; but there was something in the young Queen which had already touched the imagination of England; something in her spirit and bearing which saved the poets of the time from being mere flatterers. Elizabeth was neither beautiful nor gracious; the romantic charm which captivated all who came into the presence of her unhappy contemporary

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Mary Stuart was not in her. But what she lacked as woman she easily possessed as queen; she had the rare gift of personifying her rank and place. The sense of sovereignty went with her. In a time of passionate energy and lust of life she was not only the center of organized society, but the symbol of unlimited opportunity, fortune, and greatness.

Where the Queen was, there was England; she was not only its ruler, but the personification of its vitality and force. When she came into Warwickshire, the whole country was stirred with the sense of the presence of something splendid and significant. Stories of the preparations at the Castle had been carried by word of mouth across the countryside. There were no newspapers; no means of rapid communication with the outer world; there were, for the vast majority of people, no books; most men never went out of their native shires; travelers from a distance were few. Tales of Leicester's honors and emoluments were told and listened to like modern fairy stories; his rapid advancement lent a kind of magic to the splendor of his state; and the Queen was the magician whose touch made and marred all fortunes. In the time of Elizabeth as in that of Victoria, the Queen personified the English State and the majesty of the English race. Through this kind of symbolism a deep and formative educational influence has been silently put forth and unconsciously received. The Queen was in many ways the incarnation of the spirit of Shakespeare's time, and her coming into Warwickshire was like the advent of the world-element into a life which had felt only local influences.

Chief among those influences was that of the lovely scenery by which the poet's young imagination was enfolded. Whether he was one of the throng which waited for the Queen on some old-time highway, or stood with the eager crowd who gathered about the Castle gates on the great day of the royal visit, is of no consequence; it can hardly be doubted that the imaginative boy of eleven did not lose that splendid spectacle; what is certain is his familiarity with the Warwickshire landscape—that fortunate landscape beautiful in itself and also appealing to every imagination because it was Shakespeare's country.

THE "BANK WHERE THE WILD THYME BLOWS"

Photographed for The Outlook by Douglas McNeille.

This bank is not far from Shottery, and is the only place near Stratford where the wild thyme is found.

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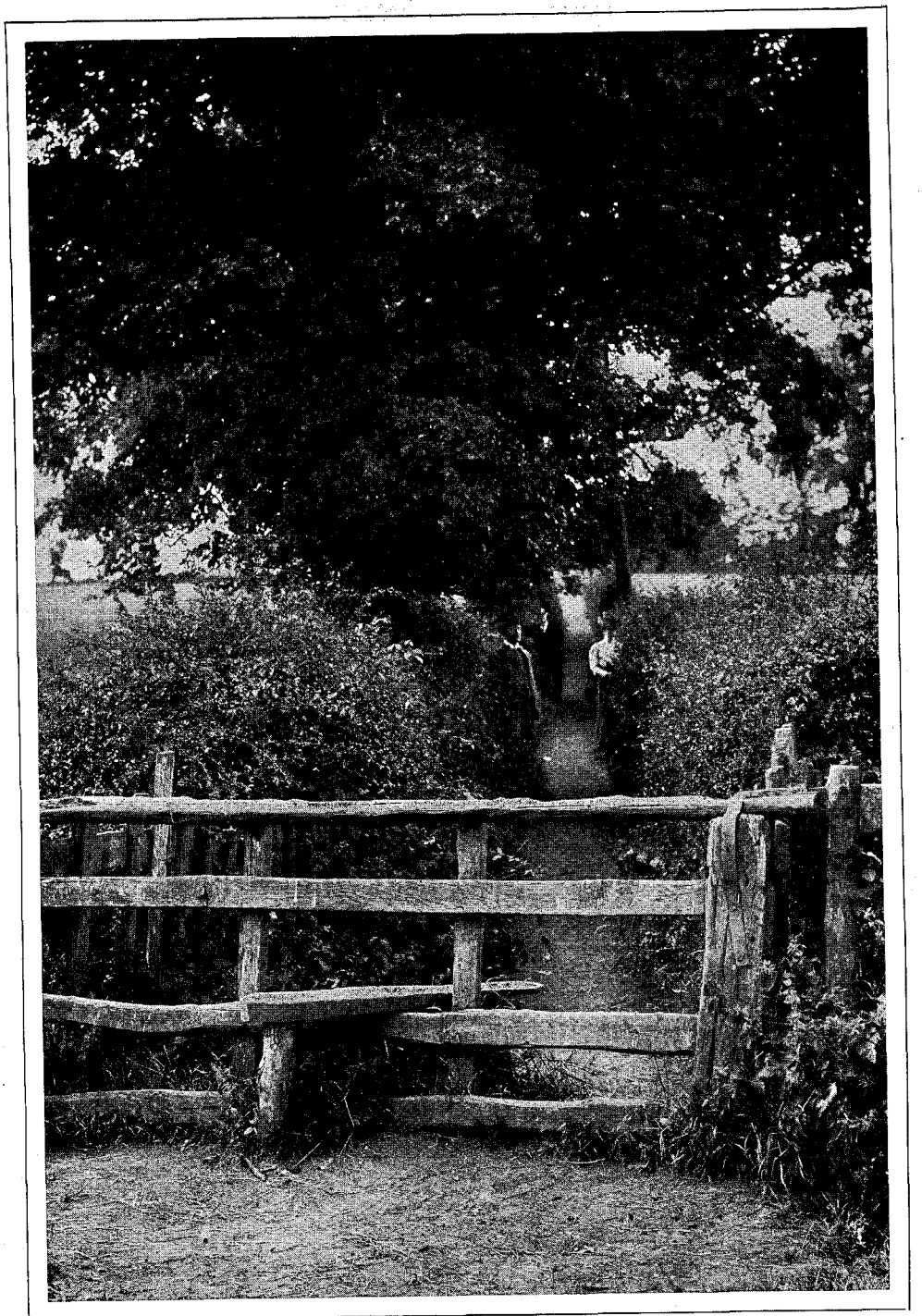

THE PATH FROM THE FOREST OF ARDEN TO STRATFORD

Photographed for The Outlook by Douglas McNeille, Stratford.

A typical English footpath through the meadows, with hedges of hawthorn on either side. These paths are sometimes reached by a stile, as in this case, and sometimes by a kissing-gate.

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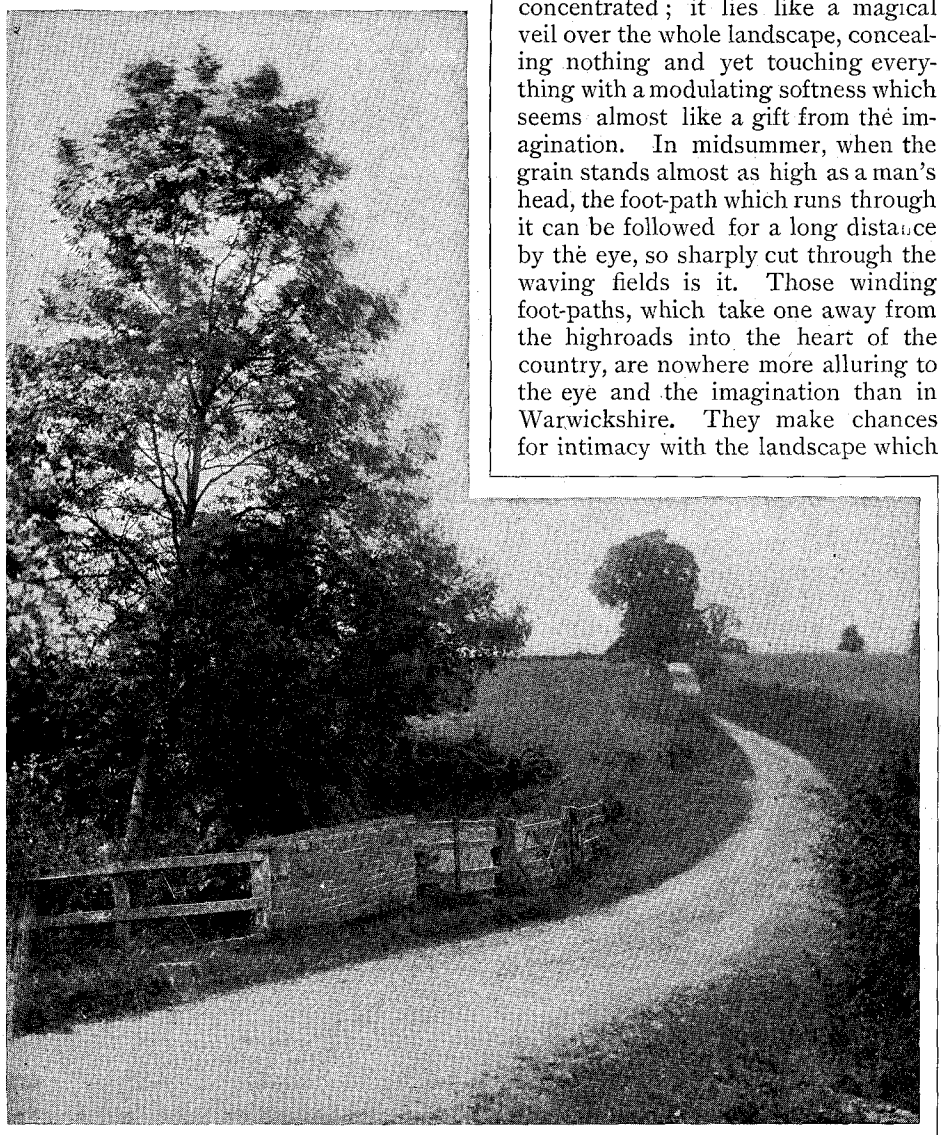
There are more striking outlooks than those which are found between Kenilworth and Stratford; there are more fertile and garden-like stretches of country; but there is nowhere in England happier harmony of the typical qualities of the English country: gentle undulation of wold and wood, groups of ancient trees, long lines of hedges, slow rivers winding under overhanging branches and loitering in places of immemorial shade; stately homes rich in association with men and women of force or craft, or possessed of the noble art of gentleness in ungentle times; a low, soft sky from which clouds are rarely absent, and an atmosphere which softens all outlines, subdues all sounds, and works magical effects of light and distance. These qualities of ripeness and repose are seen in their perfection from the ruined Mervyn's Tower, in which Amy Robsart was imprisoned. As far as the eye can reach, the landscape is full of a tender and gracious beauty. Nothing arrests and holds the attention, for the loveliness is diffused rather than concentrated; it lies like a magical veil over the whole landscape, concealing nothing and yet touching everything with a modulating softness which seems almost like a gift from the imagination. In midsummer, when the grain stands almost as high as a man's head, the foot-path which runs through it can be followed for a long distance by the eye, so sharply cut through the waving fields is it. Those winding foot-paths, which take one away from the highroads into the heart of the country, are nowhere more alluring to the eye and the imagination than in Warwickshire. They make chances for intimacy with the landscape which



THE ROAD TO HAMPTON LUCY
Photographed for The Outlook by Douglas McNeille.

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CHARLECOTE HOUSE, FROM THE AVON

the highways cannot offer. The long-traveled roads are old, and ripe with that quiet richness of setting which comes with age; they rise and fall with the gentle movement of the country; they are often arched with venerable trees; they wind up hill and down in leisurely, picturesque curves and lines; they cross slow-moving streams; they often loiter in recesses of shade which centuries have conspired to deepen and widen.

But it is along the quiet by-paths that one comes upon all that is essential and characteristic in Warwickshire. These immemorial ways put any man who chooses to follow them in possession of the landscape; they cross the most carefully tended fields, they penetrate the most jealously guarded estates, they offer access to ancient places of silence and seclusion. The narrow path between the hedges is one of those rights of the English people which evidence their sovereignty over possessions the titles to which have been lodged for centuries in private hands. They silently affirm that, though the acres may be private property, the landscape is the inalienable possession of the English people. In May, when the hawthorn is in bloom and the nightingale is in full song, the Warwickshire foot-path leads one into a world as ideal as the island in "The Tempest" or the fairy-haunted country of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." That Shakespeare knew these pathways into the realm of the imagination there is ample evidence; that he was familiar with these byways about Stratford is beyond a doubt. Does not one of them still lead to Shottery?

Kenilworth, which was a noble and impressive stronghold in Shakespeare's boyhood, ample enough to entertain a court with long-continued and magnificent pageants, is not less imposing in its vast ruins than in the day when knights rode at one another, spears at rest, in the tilting-yard and the Queen was received at the great gate by Leicester. In the loveliness of its surroundings, the beauty of its outlook, the romantic interest of its ivy-covered ruins, and the splendor and tragedy of its historic fortunes, it symbolizes the harmony of natural and human association which invests all Warwickshire with perennial charm. Much of this charm has come since Shakespeare's time, but it was there in quality and characteristic when he roamed afield on summer afternoons, or, on holidays, made his way to Kenilworth, Warwick, or Coventry. It was in key with his own poised and harmonious spirit; its quality is diffused through his work. For nature in the plays is always subordinate to the unfolding of character through action, but is so

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THE FOREST OF ARDEN
Photographed for The Outlook by Douglas McNeille, Stratford.

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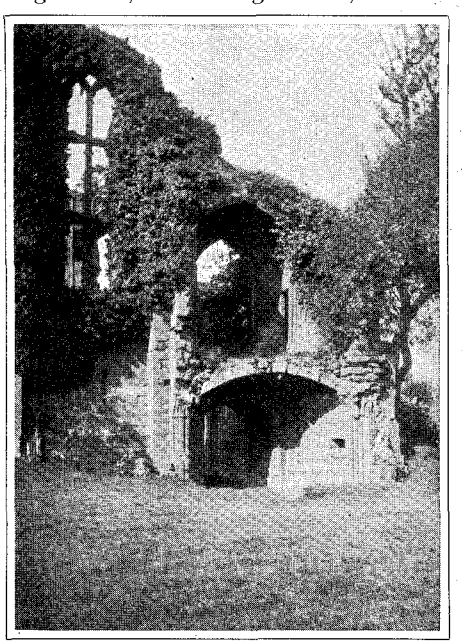
clearly limned, so constantly in view, so much and so significantly a part of the complete impression which conveys not only a drama but its setting and atmosphere, that it must have had large space in the poet's spiritual life.

There are touches of Warwickshire in all Shakespeare's work: in "A Winter's Tale" the flowers of Warwickshire are woven together in one of the most exquisite calendars of season and blossom in the whole range of poetry; in "As You Like It" the depths and hollows and long stretches of shade of the old Forest of Arden rise before the imagination; in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" there are bits of landscape which are now in fairyland, but were once good solid Warwickshire soil. The valley of the Tweed and the mountains about the Scotch lakes form a natural background for Scott's poetry; the Ayrshire landscape rises into view again and again in the verse of Burns; the lake district of Cumberland, with its mists and multitudinous voices of hidden streams, lies behind Wordsworth's verse. In like manner, Warwickshire lies always in the background of Shakespeare's mind, and gives form, quality, and color to the landscape of his poetry. Unless dramatic necessity imposes catastrophic effects upon him, as in "Lear" and "Macbeth," Shakespeare's landscape is reposeful, touched with ripe and tender beauty, happily balanced between extremes in temperature, happily poised between austerity and prodigality in beauty. Its loveliness has more solidity and substance than that which the New England poets loved so well, and the fragrance of which, as delicate as that of the arbutus, they have caught and preserved; while, on the other hand, it has not the voluptuous note, the beguiling and passionate sensuousness, of the Italian landscape. The beauty of the country in which Rosalind wanders and Jacques meditates is more harmonious with man's spiritual fortunes and less sympathetic with his passion than that in which Romeo and Juliet live out the brief and ardent drama of that young love which sees nothing in the world save the reflection of itself. The landscape of the Forest of Arden knows all the changes of the season, and bends the most obsequious courtier to its conditions; it has a quiet and pervasive charm for the senses, but its deepest appeal is to the imagination; there is in it a noble reticence and restraint which exacts much before it surrenders its ultimate loveliness, and in its surrender it reinvigorates instead of relaxing and debilitating. Its beauty is as much a matter of structure as of form; as much a matter of atmosphere as of color. And this is the charm of Warwickshire.



MERVYN'S TOWER
Where Amy Robsart was imprisoned.

It does not know the roll and thunder of the sea, which Tennyson thought were more tumultuous and resonant on the coast of Lincolnshire than anywhere else in England; it is not overlaid with the bloom which makes Kent a garden when the hop-vines are in flower; it lacks that something, half legendary and half real, which draws to Cornwall so many lovers of the idyls of Arthur; the noble largeness of the Somerset landscapes is not to be found within its boundaries; but its harmonious, balanced, and ripe loveliness is its own and is not to be found elsewhere.

There are many points at which one feels this characteristic charm. From Kenilworth to Stratford, if one goes by the way of Warwick and Charlecote, it is continuous. There are sweet and homely places along the road where the houses seem to belong to the landscape and the roses climb as if they longed for human

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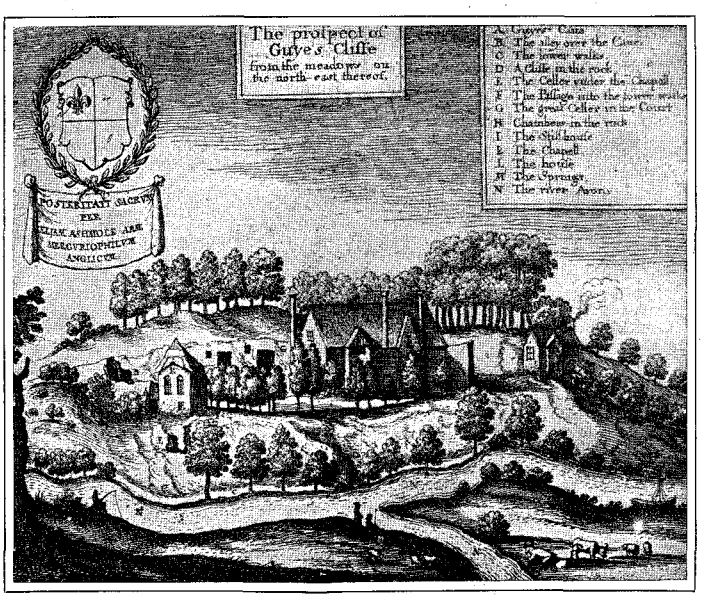
intercourse; there are stretches of sward so green and deep that one is sure Shakespeare's feet might have pressed them; there are trees of such girth and circumference of shade that Queen Elizabeth might have waited under them; there are vines and mosses and roses everywhere; and everywhere also there are bits of history clinging like old growths to fallen walls, and densely shaded hill, and stately mansion set far back in noble expanse of park. Through the trees the low square tower guides one to an ancient church set among ancient graves, with a sweet solemnity enfolding it in silence and peace. The fields are richly strewn with wild flowers, and every cliff, stone, and bit of ruined wall is hung deep with vine and moss, as if nature could not care enough for beauty in a country in which men care so much for nature.

Warwick is a busy town on court and market days, but the old-world charm is still in its streets. Its ancient and massive gates prepare one for its quaint and narrow streets, on which half-timbered houses still stand; the venerable and picturesque Leicester hospital, founded by Lord Dudley in 1571, rising above the narrow entrance to the town, as one approaches it from Stratford, like a custodian of the old-time ways and men. The stream of sightseers which pours through the Castle cannot lessen its impressiveness, nor dull the splendor of the ancient baronial life which invests it with perennial interest. The view from the plant house, with the lovely stretch of sward to the Avon, the old-fashioned garden on the left, the Castle rising in massive lines, the terraces bright with flowers, the cedars of Lebanon dark in the foreground, is one of the loveliest in England for its setting of opulent and dignified English life.

But the view which Shakespeare must have loved is that from the Avon below the ruined bridge, whose piers, crowned with foliage, rise out of the quiet water in monumental massiveness. It was a fortunate hour which relieved them from the every-day work of a highway for traffic and made them tributary to its romantic interest and beauty. The dark tower rising from the river's brink, the long, massive front set with a multitude of shining windows, the gardener's cottage blossoming with roses to the very apex of the roof, the quiet river in which, on soft afternoons, all this beauty and grandeur seem to sink into the heart of nature—this is Warwickshire; where nature, legend, and history commingle in full and immemorial stream to nourish and enrich an ancient and beautiful landscape.



GUY'S CLIFF AND THE AVON
From an old print.

Warwick Castle is a type of the great baronial home; Charlecote belongs to another and more gracious order of architecture. It is a stately house, with the characteristic environment of a great English estate—the long reaches of park-like country, the fine approaches, the herd of mottled deer feeding at a distance with that intent alertness which shows that these shy creatures are at home only in the deep woods. No lover of Shakespeare can look at Charlecote or think of it without a vision of these wild creatures grazing at high noon under the shade of wide-

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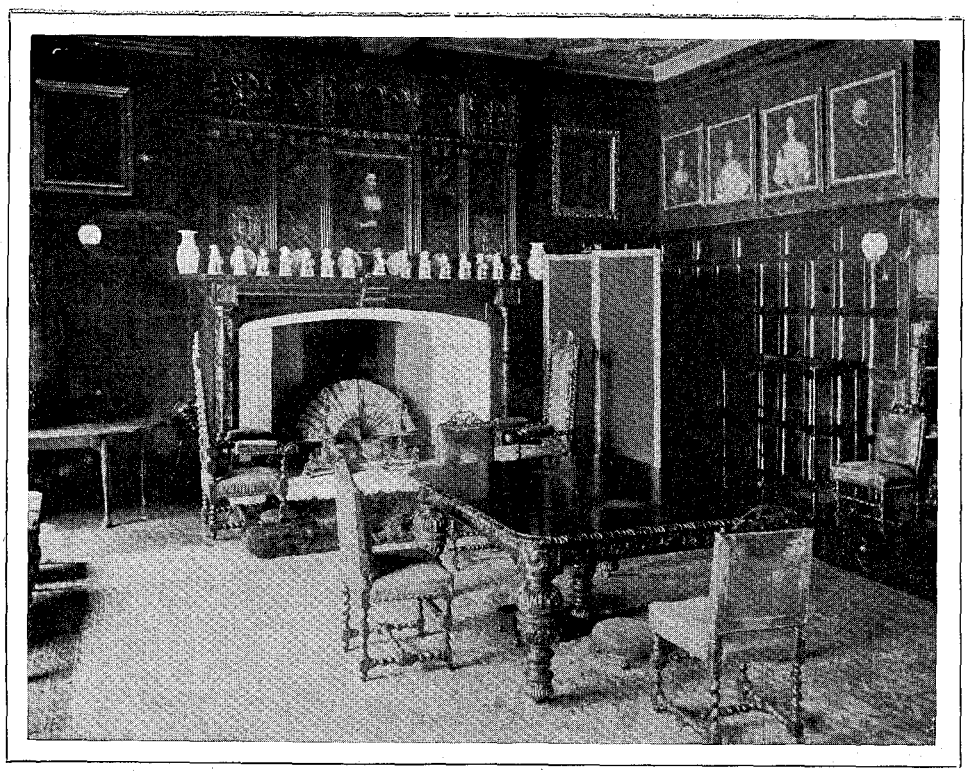

DINING-HALL IN CLOPTON HOUSE

Photographed for The Outlook by Douglas McNeille.

spreading oaks, or stealing like phantoms through the soft moonlight. Such a one has no curiosity about the present ownership or occupancy of the house; there lived, nearly three centuries ago, and there will always live, the immortal Justice Shallow. The great gates open upon one of the loveliest of roads; opposite is the tumble-down stile, a curiosity in itself, but concerning whose Shakespearean associations one must not inquire too closely. The house dates back to the year 1558, and the noble oaks, chestnuts, limes, and elms which stand in great groups or in isolated beauty in the park must have a still older date. In its long, rambling structure the architecture of Elizabeth's time is preserved in spite of later changes. It must be seen from the Avon if its spacious structure and rich setting are to be discerned; from the highway it is stately and dignified, but it is not beautiful. As one approaches it on the quiet river it discloses itself as part of the landscape. Octagonal towers, turrets, oriel window and belfry; the mellow red of long-standing walls relieved by great masses of green; the walled terrace with great urns which in the blossoming season are overflowing fountains of color; the quiet loveliness of the terraced ground from the river to the house; the broad steps which make the Avon companionable and approachable; the dignity, seclusion, and stately beauty of the landscape of which the house seems the focal point—all these separable features sink into the mind and leave a single rich, harmonious impression of noble and characteristic English life. A herd of deer feeding under the trees looks up startled and seems to melt into the deeper wood; the river has the placidity of a stream which has never been awakened by the clamor of trade, although it turns a wheel here and there in its winding course; the note of a hidden waterfall penetrates the silence and deepens it.

The Avon knows no gentler landscape than that through which it passes as it glides out of the shadow of Hampton Lucy bridge, an old mill close at hand and a waterfall not far distant. On a summer day, when the grain is ripening in the fields, it would not be easy to find a more

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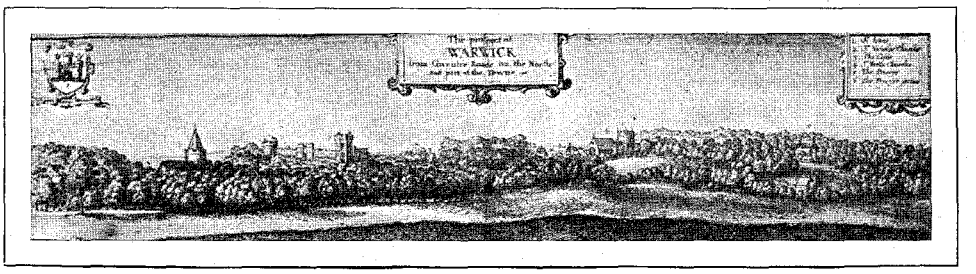
charming epitome of rural England: the gray church tower rising above a noble group of elms; the little village gathered about it as if for safety and companionship; the low murmur of the river as it drops into a lower channel; the wide, sunlighted fields, with glimpses of scarlet



AN EARLY VIEW OF WARWICK FROM COVENTRY ROAD

From an old print.

through the green and gold, and the larks rising out of their hidden nests, mounting swiftly until they become mere points against the soft blue of the low sky or the white masses of drifting cloud, hanging poised in mid-air and pouring out a flood of sweet, clear, haunting notes, full of the sound of running water, of deep woods where the sun sets them aflame, and of the great open spaces of the meadows. No other bird has a note so jubilant with the unspent freshness of nature; a sound in which there is no pathos of human need or sorrow, but the overflowing joyousness of that world in which the deep springs are fed and the roots of flowers nourished.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes.

The lark's note of unforced joyousness is often heard in Shakespeare's plays; its buoyant music, rising as if from inexhaustible springs, was akin to his own fresh and effortless melody.

Between Hampton Lucy and Stratford the distance is not great, but the river moves with a leisurely indifference to time which is amply justified by the beauty of its course. When that course lies enfolded in all green and shaded loveliness, it is doubtful whether any point has a more compelling charm than the quiet graveyard where Holy Trinity keeps watch and ward over its ancient dead. On a moonlit night there is enchantment in the place; the moment one leaves the street and enters the arching avenue of limes the England of to-day becomes the England of long ago. The spire of the church, rising above the trees, seeming to bring into more striking relief the long, narrow, dark nave; the graves, grass-grown and so much a part of the place that they suggest the common mortality of the race rather than solitary death or individual loss; the level common across the river, which nightingales love when the bloom of May is on the hedges; the deep shadows in which the river loses itself as one looks towards the mill, and the dark outlines and twinkling lights as one turns towards the village: all these aspects of the place, under the spell of one great memory, touch the imagination and make it aware of a brooding presence which, although withdrawn from sight, still loves and haunts this place of quiet meditation and of a beauty in which joy and pathos are deeply harmonized. Apart from the sentiment which the place of Shakespeare's burial must inevitably evoke, there is that in the scene itself which interprets Shakespeare's spirit and makes his genius more near and companionable.

On such a night one turns instinctively toward Shottery with the feeling that the poet must have taken the same course on many another night as silent and fragrant. The old foot-path is readily found, and the meadows on either side are sleeping as gently in the soft, diffused light of the midsummer night as when the poet saw them in his youth. The little hamlet, a mile to the eastward, is soon reached, and the cottage in which Anne Hathaway spent her girlhood is so well impressed on the memory of the English-reading world that it is recognizable at a glance. The elms

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rise over it as if to protect it from the harsh approaches of wind and storm; it is so embosomed in vines that it seems to be part of the old-time garden whose flowers bloom to the very stepping-stones of entrance. Its thatched roof, timbered walls, and projecting eves have preserved its ancient aspect; and the story of its age is told still more distinctly by its low and blackened ceilings, its stone floors, its broad hearth and capacious chimney-seats.

To the west and north of Stratford the Forest of Arden once covered a great stretch of territory, and traces of its noble beauty are still to be discerned in the trees which spread a deep shade over hollow and hillside as one rambles across the Welcombe hills. In the distance the clustered chimneys of Charlecote are seen, and the ridge where the battle of Edge Hill was fought. The Forest of Arden has been a place of refuge for the imagination ever since the time when, by the alembic of Shakespeare's genius, it was transferred from Warwickshire to that world in which time does not run nor age wither; enough remains of ancient tree and shadowy silence to make its noble beauty credible. The foot-path brings one past the gates of Clopton—a spacious and dignified house, with a charming outlook, fine old gardens, some very interesting pictures, a rich heritage of ghost stories, and a generous host. The stone effigies of the Cloptons now fill the ancient pew in Holy Trinity, but they were long the foremost family at Stratford, men of force and benefactors of the town. Sir Hugh Clopton, who built the bridge over the Avon, and rebuilt the Guild Chapel, became Lord Mayor of London; and others who bore the name honored it. In the tower of the Guild Chapel there is a quaint recital of the virtues and generosity of Sir Hugh: "This monumental table was erected A.D. 1708, at the request of the Corporation (by Sir John Clopton, of Clopton, Knt., their Recorder), in memory of Sir Hugh Clopton, Knt. (a younger branch of yt ancient family), whose pious works were so many and great, they ought to be had in everlasting remembrance, especially by this town and parish, to which he was a particular benefactor, where he gave £100 to poor housekeepers and 100 marks to twenty poor maidens of good name and fame, to be paid at their marriages. He built ye stone bridge over Avon, with ye causey at ye west end; farther manifesting his piety to God, and love to this place of his nativity, as ye centurion in ye Gospel did to ye Jewish Nation and Religion, by building them a Synagogue; for at his sole charge, this beautiful Chappel of ye Holy Trinity, was rebuilt, temp H. VII, and ye Cross Ile of ye parish Church. He gave £50 to ye repairing bridges and highways within 10 miles of this town." Then follows a recital of a number of benefactions to London and other parts of the country, closing with the words: "This charatable Gent died a Bachelr 15 Sept. 1496, and was buried in Saint Margaret's Church, Lothbury, London."

In this country Shakespeare's young imagination was unfolded; against this background of tender and pervasive beauty he came to consciousness, not, perhaps, of the quality and range of his genius, but of the nobility of form and loveliness of color against which the comedy and tragedy of human life are set as upon a divinely ordered stage.

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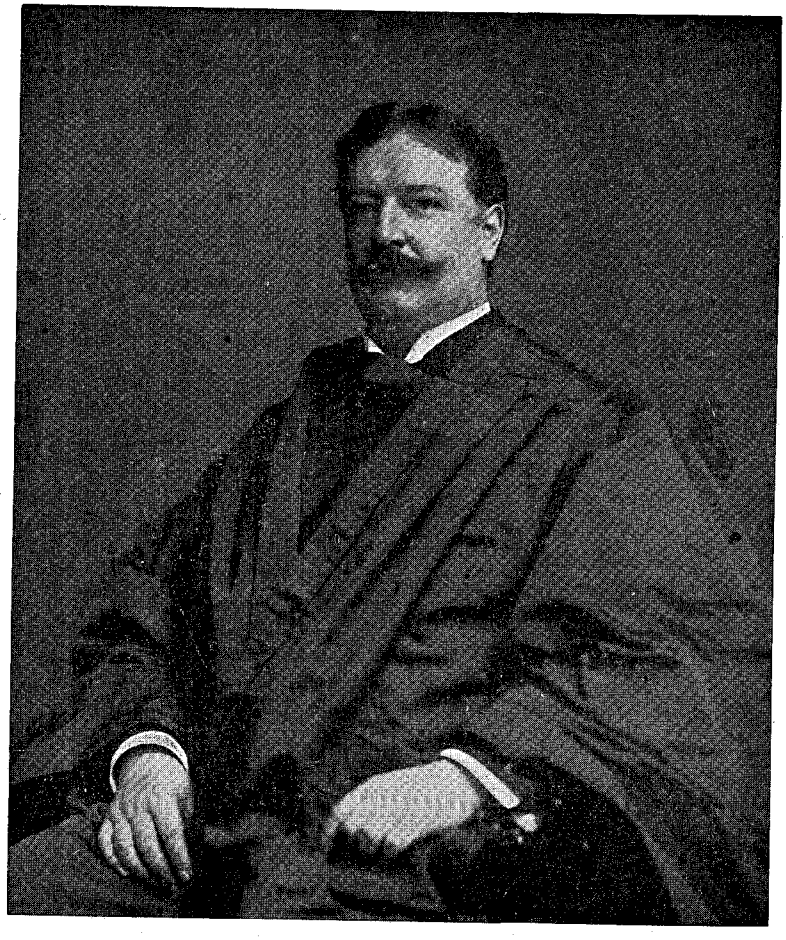

William Howard Taft

President of the New Philippines Commission

JUDGE TAFT, the head of the new Commission to the Philippines appointed by President McKinley, will, in all probability, in due time become the first Governor-General of the Philippine Islands. His appointment has been received by the people with warm approval. The opportunity offered to the Commission is an extraordinary one; it will build up the civil government which is to teach the Filipinos what American self-government means, what civil liberty under the law implies, and what they must do to acquire schools, good local courts, sanitary conditions of life, and governmental machinery of efficiency. Mr. Taft is an Ohioan by birth, a graduate of Yale (1878), and a lawyer of recognized ability. He is about forty-three years of age, and is a vigorous man capable of hard work of a high order. He was from 1890 to 1892 Solicitor-General for the United States. His appointment as Judge of the United States Circuit Court (VII. Circuit) dates from 1892. His father, Judge Alphonso Taft, was Attorney-General of the United States under President Hayes.

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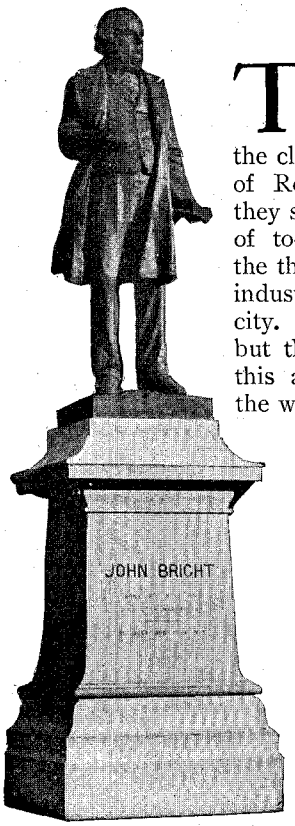
THE ROCHDALE PIONEERS

BY W. S. HARWOOD



STATUE OF JOHN BRIGHT AT ROCHDALE

THE cloggers of Rochdale must be men of millions. All day long, from the misty morning far into the smoky night, you may hear the clickety-clack, clickety-clack of the clogs they sell, beating upon the flags of this stone-paved city of Rochdale from which I write. I much question whether they sound so merrily in the ears of the well-to-do co-operator of to-day as did the first few shillings that made music for the thrifty fathers in those far days when this modern miracle of industrial life, co-operation, was born in this ancient Lancashire city. The comparison of clogs with shillings may not be logical, but that co-operation which has had so much to do in making this a thriving city and in setting an example for the rest of the working world makes it possible for the workingman to go about well dressed, well fed, comfortable-looking, and clinging religiously, no matter how other fashions change, to the clicking clogs.

"It would be quite impossible," remarked a smiling shopkeeper on one of the city's lanes, as they still call the streets, "to get a Rochdale workman to buy such shoes as you sell in America; they will insist on the heavy, wooden-soled, iron-bound foot-gear which they buy at the clogger's."

The men and women above these clicking clogs are, for the most part, a hearty, healthful race, somewhat stunted in stature as compared with the average American workman, but broad of shoulder and sturdy of leg. While the city of Rochdale, now having a population of some seventy thousand, has been progressive and keen to adopt new things, yet it is to be questioned if there is any one factor in its progress so powerful as the co-operation which has made it famous among wage-earners, as well as wage-students, throughout the world. It is an ancient city, well on to a thousand years old; you may see in the older parts of the Gothic parish church pillars that were put in place by the Romish Church in the year 1200 Its present-day interest, however, dates, not from antiquity, but from the year 1844, when co-operation as we know it to-day was given birth in a dull old building in Toad Lane, standing yet. This unique principle of modern industrial experiments may be studied here to admirable advantage; and yet it is unfair to include it among experiments, for it long since passed beyond the tentative stage to one of adequate permanency. I have found the co-operation of this home of co-operation, this fountain-head, so to change the figure, intensely interesting. Here, for over a half-century, amid the most bitter battling for its life, co-operation has steadily won its way, surmounting all obstacles. Its history is the history of the world's co-operation. Here you may study first things. Here you may see the causes of defeat, the reasons for triumph; and here, too, if I mistake not, you may see the danger-signals of the co-operation of coming days.

In 1844 the capital of the handful of flannel-weavers who hit upon the principle of co-operation to save them from physical and financial death amounted to £28. At the present time, according to the latest available figures given me in an interview with the cashier of the company they founded—the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers—the business transacted amounts to over one million five hundred thousand dollars per year, while the profits for the present year will be fully $240,000. Just

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as a straw to indicate how successful an organization it is, you may note the fact that the organization has so large, relatively, a fund for investment that it has been unable to make its loans pay more than from two and one-half to three per cent.; it literally has an over-abundance of money.

This organization was, and is, the world's first real co-operative association. It has been in continuous existence since twenty-seven overworked and underpaid flannel-weavers got together sixty years ago and said, come weal or woe, they would help one another. There are two other co-operatives in the city now—the Provident and the Conservative, flourishing bodies I should say—while scores of smaller societies are scattered about in the lesser towns. The presence of the great Wholesale Society at Manchester, so near to this city, a body with which almost all of these other organizations articulate, makes the co-operative interest here pronounced.

In the large building which is headquarters for this oldest co-operative body in the world, I saw one of the causes of the success of the movement—a fine, large, well-lighted, well-selected library having well on to 20,000 volumes, one of the many tokens that sensible co-operation rounds out the whole man. There are 12,000 members of this pioneer society, all of whom have access to the library. There is also a fine reference library of nearly 3,000 volumes. I had the pleasure of meeting the librarian, Mr. Edwin Barnish, and of making a photograph of him at his desk in the library, to accompany this article. There are twenty-one branch libraries throughout the city where the co-operatives may secure books. The classification of the library, and its circulation for one year, from July 25, 1898, to June 24, 1899, was as follows:

CLASSIFICATION	No. of Vols. in each Class.	Circulation from July 25, 1898, to June 24, 1899.	
		No. of Issues.	No. of Vols. Issued.
A—Theology, Morals, and Metaphysics	719	334	335
B—Arts and Sciences	941	1,735	1,860
C—History and Biography	2,960	1,494	1,685
D—Natural History	505	310	317
E—Social and Political Philosophy, etc.	812	397	400
F—Poetry, Fine Arts, and the Drama	825	1,057	1,122
G—Geography, Voyages, and Travels	1,018	1,661	1,813
H—Works of Fiction, Tales, etc.	4,605	17,761	19,600
I—Miscellaneous Literature	3,434	1,914	2,075
	15,818	26,663	29,207

This mention of the present-day library facilities of a single English co-operative society is made in order to suggest to those in our own country who are interested in co-operative endeavor that co-operation may mean something besides, and in addition to, cheaper food and clothing. There is an airy reading-room, and throughout the city wherever the co-operative stores are located are reading-rooms, or news-rooms, where the patron may sit a bit in his after-hours shopping tour and read his newspaper.

In a narrow, crowded street, Toad Lane by name, I found the building in which modern co-operation was born. The song-birds of a humble fancier were singing merrily in the low, dingy room where the (in some ways) most important industrial movement of the century was talked over by the serious flannel-weavers. Up the street but a short distance stands the headquarters building of the Society as now managed, a fine large structure. The contrast between the two is as great as the contrast between the condition of labor in Rochdale sixty years ago and labor in Rochdale to-day. George Jacob Holyoake, the historian, or one of the historians, of Rochdale, gives this picture of the Rochdale of 1844; it is well worth looking at in the light of to-day:

"The Rochdale Pioneers began their work when distress was widespread. The

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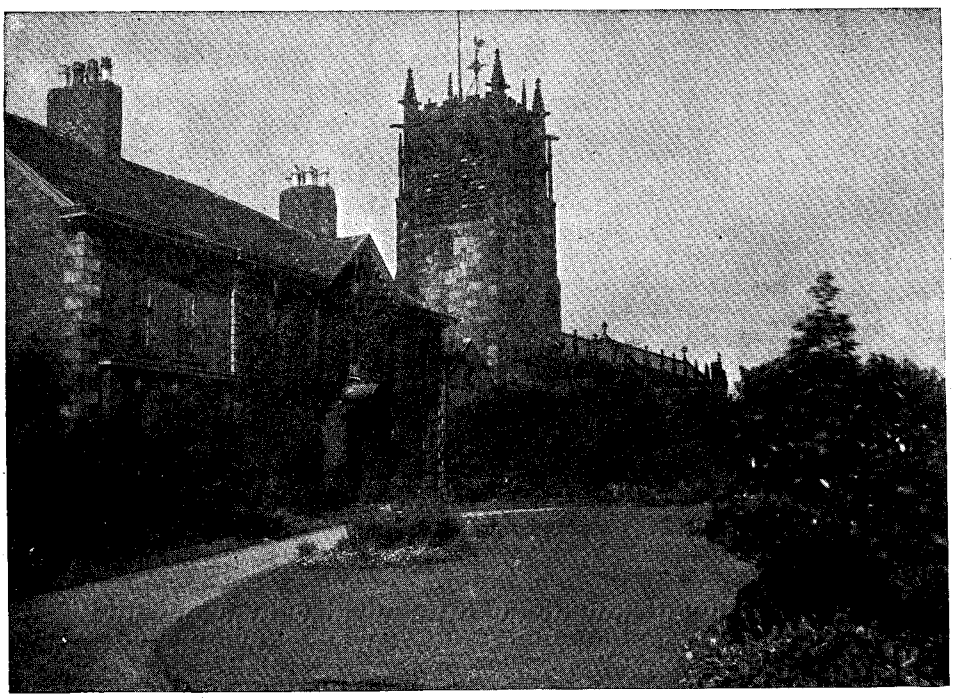
hand-loom weaver seemed to be the worst off of any of the working class. Improved machinery had driven him to the lowest point at which he could live. The condition of things in Rochdale would be incredible did it not rest upon authority. Sharman Crawford, the member for the borough, declared in the House of Commons in the debate of September 20, 1841, that in Rochdale there were 160 people living on 6d. (12 cents) per week, 200 on 10d. per week, 508 on 1s. (24 cents) per week, 855 on 1s. 6d. per week, and 1,500 were living on 1s. 10d. a week. Five-sixths of those he spoke of had scarcely any blankets, eighty-five families had no blankets, forty-six families had only chaff beds with no covering at all."



THE ROCHDALE CHURCH

The contrast between the Rochdale of 1841 and the Rochdale of 1899 presents one of the miracles of modern life. To-day the laboring man, in direct industrial descent from those wretched weavers, is an independent laboring man. His condition is enviable from many points of view. He lives in a neat, well-built, comfortable home, he has money at interest, he draws good wages, he educates his children. His changed position to-day, when you have made all allowances for other influences, is mainly due to one thing, co-operation.

I walked through a typical co-operative residence section of the city. I found in this particular locality three grades, so to speak, of co-operators—for workmen in co-operation, as in other fields, illustrate the principle of the survival of the fittest, and some must rise above their fellows. In place of finding them living in the squalor of the days before co-operation came, I found them in neat, well-constructed brick houses, with all the conveniences of the modern English house, with well-furnished rooms, many of the little luxuries of life, happy, prosperous, and independent. Take, if you will, a typical house of the first class, in Equitable Street—it is the second in the row to the right in the illustration shown. The man occupying it is a cotton-spinner. He began as a lad, and must be now forty years of age. He has now risen to a place where he can superintend a number of other men. His wages are rising £2 per week; but £2 could be taken as the average income of the people on this side of the street. The house had a front parlor, in which I photographed him and his good wife, a dining-room and scullery,

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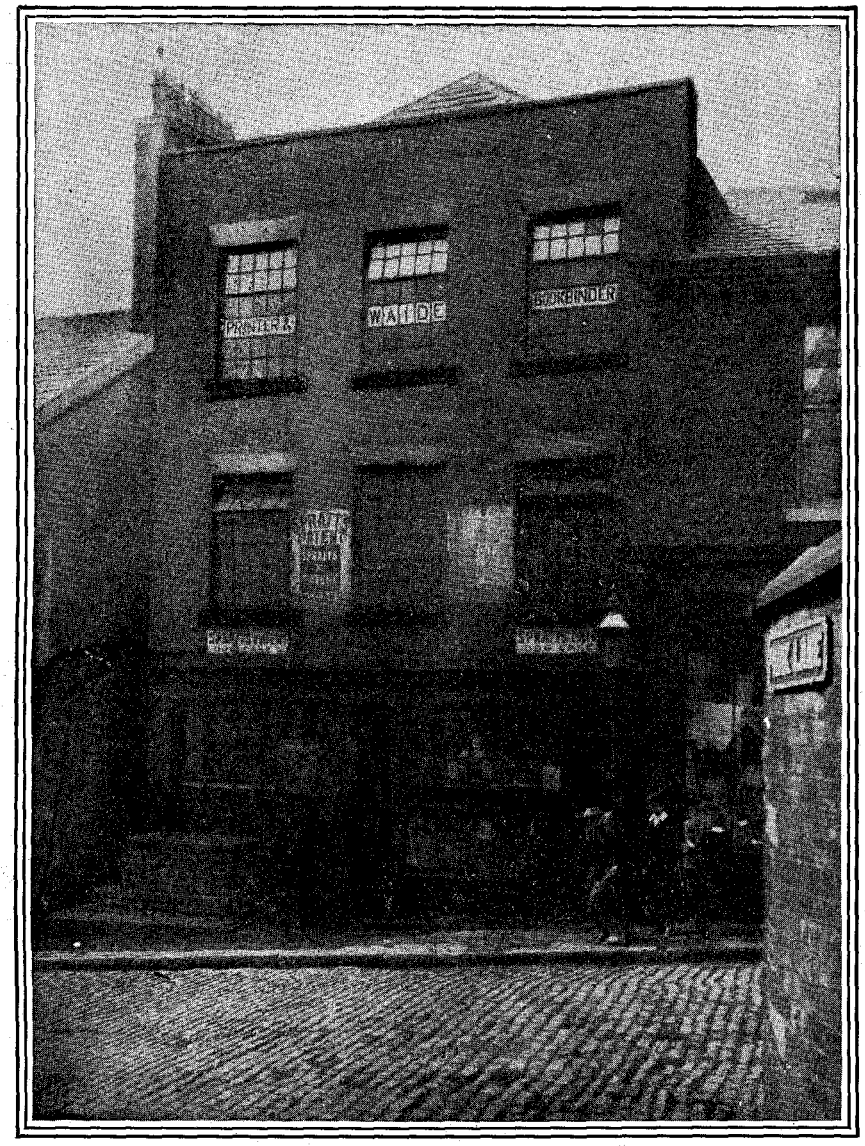

ORIGINAL HOME OF THE ROCHDALE PIONEERS

all on the first floor; three bedrooms on the second floor; three finished rooms in the basement, a kitchen, laundry, and fuel-room. He pays seven shillings per week rent, equal to $1.68, which includes all taxes, water-rates, and so on.

The second class of houses, for workmen earning 30 shillings per week, shown on the opposite side of the same street, rent for 4 shillings 9 pence per week; the third class, living on a near-by street, earn 22 to 24 shillings and rent their houses for 3 shillings per week. The two smaller classes have perhaps one or two rooms fewer than the first class. The houses are all owned by the company of which the renters are shareholders. It is not my thought to contrast these wages of skilled laborers (the first class) and unskilled (the second and third classes) with the wages of corresponding classes in America, but merely to note the present condition of these laborers as compared with their condition before co-operation came to them as a boon beyond price. As a matter of fact, one may say, in passing, that more nonsense has been written than can ever be atoned for about the

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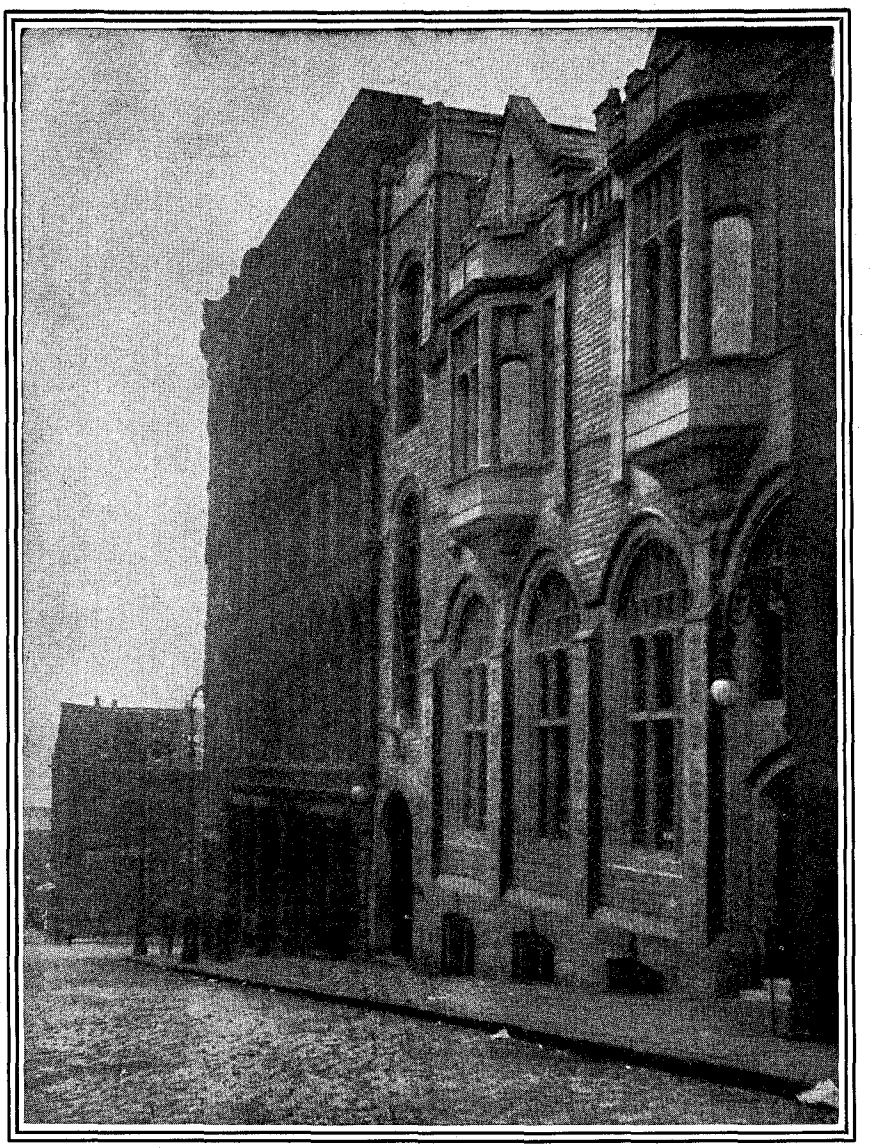

PRESENT QUARTERS OF THE ROCHDALE PIONEERS IN TOAD LANE

alleged remarkable cheapness of living in England as compared with living in the United States.

Another present-day feature of the lives of the co-operatives may be illustrated in this way:

One gentleman said to me—a co-operative pessimist I should call him:

"They are going to the dogs; they are spending their money like water."

Another gentleman, skilled in the mysteries of co-operation as are but few men on either side of the Atlantic, said to me on the same subject:

"It is one of the most magnificent tokens of the beneficent power of co-operation."

They were speaking of the remarkable events of last summer in Rochdale, inclusive of the holiday period then just over, when, as I heard on every hand, there had been such a hegira of working people as had never been known before. Excursions had been the vogue to all points—some to London, some to Manchester and Liverpool, some to the Isle of Man, and to other coast points in Lancashire and down Wales way. These excursions had been liberally patronized by the laboring

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men, and thousands upon thousands of pounds sterling had been spent. The second of the two speakers noted above said further:

"These people have a right to enjoy themselves. They have comfortable homes, they are provident, they educate their children, they earn good wages, they lay by for a rainy day. They spend a portion of their earnings in traveling about during the holidays—why shouldn't they? It does them good in many ways; it makes broader and better men and women of them."

So here we have an interesting feature of co-operation in its home—the ability of the co-operator to purchase pleasure without encroaching upon capital.

Look at it from another point of view:

Whoever has given even a surface consideration of co-operation must have been struck with the peculiar insistence of that sometimes stimulating, sometimes destroying factor, competition. It cannot exist between the co-operators of a given organization, for competition in co-operation itself is death. But competition may exist between co-operation and capital, however large or small the latter. Singularly enough, for a number of years past the competition of the co-operative stores in Rochdale, where all manner of wares are dispensed, has resulted in reversing the classes—the laboring man has become the well-to-do middle class, the shopkeepers have taken the lower place—they have traded places. I take my information on this point from a man recommended to me by people of all classes as a sincere and adequate authority. The curious anomaly is presented of the shopkeepers or small merchants, the middle class of tradesmen, being obliged to go out of business or else to conduct it at a ruinous figure, while the laboring man, by virtue of his co-operation, has become the middle class, owning his own home—or living in rented property owned by the co-operative company of which he is a shareholder, and thus virtually a part owner in the house he rents—interested in the municipal life of his city; keen for education; a well-posted man; a reader; not ignorant, either, of the intricacies of his nation's politics and policies. Many of the tradesmen in the last thirty years, driven harder and harder by the competition of the co-operatives, have lost their hold and abandoned the field.

Is it not a strange thing that the man who labors with his hands should so rise in England in two generations?

Just at present another very curious factor is at work—the competition of co-operatives. There is, I am told, a marked competition among some of the regular co-operative bodies (not competition in individual bodies), resulting in lower prices on all manner of goods; whereat the outside tradesman is once more taking heart. In the competition of co-operation he sees future benefits to himself.

EQUITABLE STREET, ROCHDALE. HOMES OF LABORING MEN
First class at right and second class at left.

The co-operation of the founders was productive, at the start—wholly so. To-day the society they founded manufactures but very little—a tobacco establishment of less than fifty hands comprising about all its manufacturing; all the rest of the immense business is distributive co-operation, though the goods sold are co-operative in manufacture, coming from the Wholesale Society of Manchester. The stores in Rochdale owned by the

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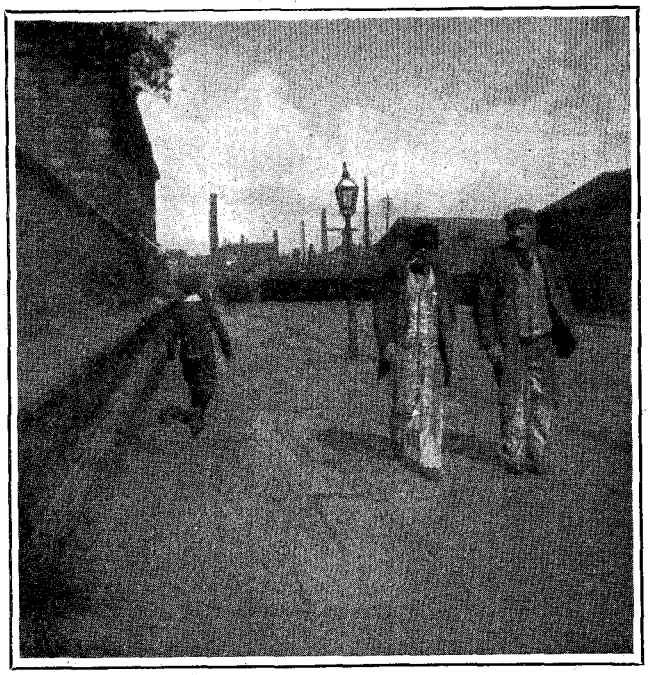
Pioneers are thirty-eight in number, and include general groceries, meat-markets, drapery, tailoring, boots and shoes, clogs, furnishing goods, hats and caps, confectionery, fuel.

While but very few of the members of the Society are engaged as workmen in manufacturing co-operation, very many of them are laborers in other manufacturing establishments—flannel-weaving, cotton-spinning, machinery-making, and the like. They are members of the Co-operative Society, however, participating in its profits. It is of interest to note, in passing, that the larger amount of goods they buy of their own stores the greater is the dividend money received, as they are paid dividends in proportion to the amounts purchased. Not only does the co-operative plan encourage thrift and education and providence, but it discourages improvidence and inebriety; for in not a single establishment run by this Society may spirits or ales and beers be bought.



TYPICAL ROCHDALE LABORING MEN

It was interesting to me on a former visit to various European cities to make somewhat of a study of laboring men, and certainly one must fare far and long before he finds a city in Europe, having seventy-two thousand inhabitants, where the average standard of intelligence, the evidences of thrift and sobriety, seem as high as in this great co-operative center. As you pass along the lanes and roads and ways, as the streets are variously known, you may see the evidences of England's curse of drink; but you will see, on the other hand, a large and hopeful number of clean, bright faces, wholesome and cheery. Said a Glasgow gentleman to me:

"I have been in Rochdale five days, in many parts of the city. I have not seen a barefooted boy or woman. I am sad to say that in my own city you may see bare feet, red and frost-bitten, in the snow and slush of our Scottish winter, and in distressing plenty."

Figures sometimes lie, sometimes tell the truth, and are often uninteresting; but this brief statement may be taken at its full face value as a summing up of the more open and definite facts of co-operation as it exists in the place which gave it birth. There are other facts of equal importance.

The first recorded statement of the Equitable Pioneers shows that the Society in 1845 did a business of seven pounds, no shillings—about $35. Since that time it has done, in round numbers, a business of $53,860,000. The profits of the first year's work were £22—$110. For the present year the profits are $240,000.

But one may not leave this very interesting Lancashire city without being made aware of the fact that co-operation has its dangers, or, rather, that co-operators may be in danger. I cannot see how co-operation, here or elsewhere, under wise leaders, where skilled craftsmen manage departments of which they have practical knowledge, and where absolute honesty dominates—I cannot see how such co-operation can fail. But when a body of men, carried off their feet by the success of their undertaking, grow careless in administration and irresolute in the discharge of incompetents, danger is in sight. And it scarcely

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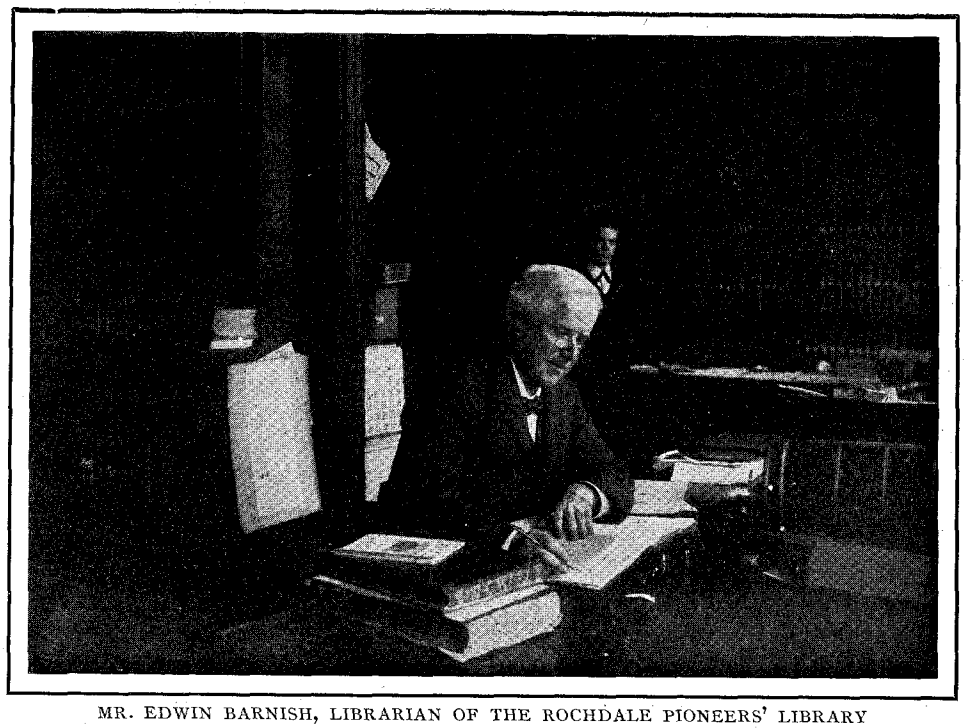

MR. EDWIN BARNISH, LIBRARIAN OF THE ROCHDALE PIONEERS' LIBRARY

needs to be said that those two other factors, honesty and business sagacity, are as essential in modern co-operation as in modern business of any type, whether individual or corporate.

There is no safer guide than the sign-board the original Pioneers erected. It pointed to a co-operation not so much of stupendous financial transactions as of individual and corporate betterment. That which the founders of co-operation would accomplish has found expression in the life of Rochdale's most famous man, whose body lies up yonder in the little Quaker churchyard, John Bright—a life largely spent for others.

No matter what one's views may be of industrial movements looking to the betterment of labor, whether favorable or unfavorable, one cannot, it seems to me, visit Rochdale and study, even if in a surface way, what these sixty years have wrought, without a commanding confidence in the soundness of the underlying principle. Just how, just when, just where the principle may be advanced still further in America are points not to be answered here.

And yet one cannot consider co-operation where co-operation originated without a feeling that, sooner or later, it must mean far more to the race than it ever has meant.

I stood the other afternoon in a sunny London park where the shadows of the autumn leaves were playing across the sad and somber face of the man who for more than forty years had strolled in deep meditation along this Thames embankment and fought with magnificent audacity against shams and oppressions in his plain garret study hard by; and I thought how much, which even the Titanic blows of Carlyle could not effect, the sad-faced, disheartened, lowly-lived flannel-weavers of Rochdale had brought about through their own labor and the labor of those who follow them.

If co-operation in America becomes what it may become, it will not be through the luxury-breeding per cents of great investments, but through the self-sacrificing, honest, sagacious efforts of the people who belong to that great and powerful majority, the level-headed, far-seeing common people—the Abraham Lincoln type of Americans.

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Song of the Unsuccessful

By Richard Burton

We are the toilers from whom God barred
The gifts that are good to hold.
We meant full well and we tried full hard,
And our failures were manifold.

And we are the clan of those whose kin
Were a millstone dragging them down.
Yea, we had to sweat for our brother's sin,
And lose the victor's crown.

The seeming-able, who all but scored,
From their teeming tribe we come;
What was there wrong with us, O Lord,
That our lives were dark and dumb?

The men ten-talented, who still
Strangely missed of the goal,
Of them we are: it seems Thy will
To harrow some in soul.

We are the sinners, too, whose lust
Conquered the higher claims;
We sat us prone in the common dust
And played at the devil's games.

We are the hard-luck folk, who strove
Zealously, but in vain:
We lost and lost, while our comrades throve,
And still we lost again.

We are the doubles of those whose way
Was festal with fruits and flowers;
Body and brain we were sound as they,
But the prizes were not ours.

A mighty army our full ranks make,
We shake the graves as we go;
The sudden stroke and the slow heartbreak,
They both have brought us low.

And while we are laying life's sword aside,
Spent and dishonored and sad,
Our epitaph this, when once we have died:
"The weak lie here, and the bad."

We wonder if this can be really the close,
Life's fever cooled by death's trance;
And we cry, though it seem to our dearest of foes:
"God, give us another chance!"

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General French

General French's brilliant march from Colesberg to Kimberley, and his relief of that town, have naturally made him for the moment the most picturesque and interesting leader in the British campaign in South Africa. Like his commander-in-chief, he is an Irishman by birth. He has more than once before his recent success been compared with that other dashing Irishman, General Philip Sheridan, and now more than ever the comparison comes to mind. Major-General George Arthur French, C.M.G., has been an officer in the British army for just forty years. He has served in the artillery and cavalry and in various staff positions. One of his greatest services before the present war, and one for which he was decorated, was when, in 1874, he had charge of an expedition of the Northwest Mounted Police from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains. He was made a Colonel for "distinguished services other than in the field." His army life has taken him to Australia and India as well as Canada, and in all these distant quarters of the globe his military record has been without flaw. In the South African war he has from the first been a prominent figure, and it has only been regretted that a large body of cavalry under his command had not earlier been organized. In December and January he conducted several successful engagements with the Boers.

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The Letter-Box

By René Bazin

Translated by H. Twitchell

NO words could convey an adequate idea of the atmosphere of peace which enveloped the country priest of whom I am to write. His parish was small, fairly moral, comfortably off, and accustomed to the ways of the old curate who had presided over it for thirty years.

The village ended with the rectory. Beyond this, meadows sloped gently away to the river, and from them in summer rose the songs of birds mingled with the perfume of growing plants. Just behind the house was a garden, bordering the meadows. The first rays of the sun fell upon it, the last ones also.

One could find cherries there by the month of May, and gooseberries much earlier; while a week before the Assumption, usually, one could not pass within a hundred yards of the spot without breathing the heavy perfume of ripening melons.

Now, the curate of Saint-Philemon was by no means a gourmand; he had reached the age when the appetite is only a remembrance. His back was bent, his face wrinkled, one of his little gray eyes was sightless behind his great round glasses, and one ear was so deaf that he had to turn about and present the other when any one addressed him on the wrong side.

It was not he who ate the fruits of his orchard; lawless urchins stole their share, and the birds took theirs. Blackbirds feasted there the year round, singing their loudest in payment; orioles, birds of passage, assisted them during the weeks of greatest abundance; sparrows clamored for their rights, and tomtits—a prolific, greedy species—clung, back downwards, to the branches, turning, climbing, pecking a grape here and a pear there—genuine marauders, offering as a recompense their cries, shrill as the rasping of a saw.

Old age had made the priest indulgent even to them. "Brutes never correct their faults," he said; "if I were to condemn them on that account, how many of my parishioners should I not have to condemn for the same reason!" He contented himself, therefore, with clapping his hands on entering his garden, so as not to have to be the witness of too outrageous depredations.

There would then be a general uprising of wings, as if all the blossoms around, broken off by a strong wind, had begun to fly—gray, white, yellow, and red. Peace followed for five minutes. But the silence was so great in this little village, where no sound of industry or traffic was heard, that if the repentance of these feathered vandals had continued, the abbé would surely have fallen asleep over his breviary.

Fortunately, the return was prompt; a bold sparrow would lead the way, followed by a blue jay, and soon the whole band of robbers were again at work. The abbé could then pass and repass, open and close his book, muttering, "They will not leave a thing this year;" it made no difference; not a bird paid the slightest att ntion to him.

Birds know very well that those who are in sympathy with them will show themselves indulgent. Every spring they nested around the rectory in greater numbers than anywhere else. The best places were all quickly taken—hollows in the trees, holes in the walls, three-branched forks in the apple and pear trees; and one could even see brown bills like sword-points protruding from bunches of hay filling every available spot on the roof.

One year, every desirable place being occupied, I suppose, a tomtit spied the slit under the slanting board covering the letter-box placed at the right of the entrance to the presbytery. It slipped inside, came out apparently satisfied with the results of the exploration, and at once set about building a nest in the newly discovered region, forgetting nothing that would make it warm—feathers, wool, hair, and even bits of lichens from the old trees.

One morning Philomène, the housekeeper, rushed angrily out into the garden, with a paper in her hands. She met the

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curate strolling along under an archway of laurel-trees.

"Look at this paper, monsieur! See how dirty it is! They are a pretty lot!"

"Who, Philomène!"

"Why, those miserable birds you allow around here. They will be nesting in your soup-bowls next."

"I have only one."

"They have even had the impudence to hang a nest inside your letter-box. I opened it because the postman rang, and that doesn't happen every day. It was full of hay, hair, threads, feathers of every kind, and in the center was a thing I never saw before hissing like a viper!"

The priest began to laugh, like a grandfather when he is told of the pranks of a favorite grandchild.

"It must be the coal tomtit," he replied. "Nothing else would devise such a scheme. Above all, don't meddle with it, Philomène."

"No danger of that; it isn't such a beautiful object!" replied the old woman, disdainfully.

The abbé hastened away across the garden, through the house, down the walk to the gateway which shut in the presbytery, and, with a careful hand, half opened the box, which would have held the annual correspondence of the whole village.

He was right. The cone-shaped nest, its color, the composition of its woof, and its transparent lining, confirmed the conjecture of the delighted old man. He listened to the hissing of the invisible mother, then said:

"Never fear, little one! I understand your case; twenty-one days of incubation and three weeks for raising your family are what you want. You shall have them; I shall take the key away, so that you will not be disturbed."

He did so, in fact. After he had made his morning rounds in the parish, he thought again of the tomtit, that it might possibly be disturbed by the arrival of some mail, that a letter might be dropped in upon it during the brooding period.

The event was not very probable, as letters were rare in the parish. Still, as the holiday of Saint Robert was nearing, the priest thought it would be prudent to write these words to the three remaining friends death had left to him: "Do not send me any holiday greetings this year. It would be disagreeable for me to receive a letter just at present. Later I will explain, and you will understand my reasons."

The friends thought his eyesight had failed him, so they did not write.

During the whole three weeks of incubation the curate did not pass through the gateway once without thinking of the little eggs dotted with red lying there so close to him. When the twenty-second day arrived, he bent over and listened, his ear against the opening of the box; then stood up, exclaiming gleefully:

"They are chirping, Philomène! they are chirping! Now, there are some things that owe their lives to me; they shall not regret it, nor I either!"

Meanwhile, in the green parlor of his palace, in the capital of the department, the Bishop of the canton was deliberating with his advisers over appointments he was about to make. After having made some provisions, he expressed himself thus:

"Messieurs, I have a candidate in every way suitable for the living of X——; but it seems to me fitting to at least offer this charge and honor to one of our oldest clergymen, the curate of Saint-Philemon. He will not accept it, doubtless; his modesty not less than his age will prevent him from doing so; but by making the offer we shall have rendered all possible homage to his worthiness."

The five were unanimous in their approval of this course of action, and that very evening a letter was despatched from the palace signed by the Bishop and containing this postscript: "Reply at once, my dear abbé, or rather come to see me, as I shall have to send in my appointments within three days."

The letter reached Saint-Philemon on the very day of the hatching of the tomtits. The postman with difficulty thrust it into the slit of the box; it dropped to the bottom, where it lay like a white floor on a dark chamber.

The time at last came when the blue, blood-filled tubes on the wings of the nestlings were adorned with down. Fourteen little tomtits, peeping, tumbling about on their soft claws, stretching their mouths open to the widest extent, waited for the morsels from the mother-bird, ate them, digested them, and clamored for

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more. This was the first period of life, before the dawn of intelligence. With birds it is of short duration. Soon there were quarrels in the nest, and it began to yield to the assaults of little wings; then there were falls over its edges, excursions along the side of the box, and long stations near the entrance of the cavern through which entered light and air from the outside world.

Stationed a distance away, the curate witnessed this garden-party with extreme pleasure. On seeing the little ones come out from under the slanting board two and three together, fly off, return, pass inside, then out again, like bees from a hive, he thought: "Their infancy is over, and a good start is made; they are fledged now."

The following day, during the hour of leisure after dinner, he repaired to the box, key in hand. "Toc, toc," he rapped. There was no reply. "I thought so," he murmured. He then opened the box, and, with the débris of the nest, the letter fell out into his hand.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, recognizing the seal and the writing. "A letter from Monseigneur, and in what a condition! and how old!"

He grew pale as he read it.

"Philomène, hitch up Robin at once," he called out.

Before obeying, the old servant came out to see what had happened.

"What is it, monsieur?" she asked.

"The Bishop has been expecting me for three weeks."

"That time can never be made up," replied the old woman, curtly.

The absence lasted until the following afternoon. When the priest returned, he was very calm; but calmness is sometimes the result of an effort, and one has to struggle to maintain it.

By the time he had unhitched Robin, fed him his oats, changed his cassock, and emptied a box of some little purchases made during his trip, it was the hour when the birds in the branches were chatting over the events of the day. It had been raining, and drops of water fell from the leaves shaken by bohemian couples seeking a good resting-place for the night.

On seeing their master and friend coming down the sandy walk, they flew out and circled around, making an unusual amount of noise, and the tomtits, the fourteen nestlings, scantily fledged as yet, made their first attempts at spirals around the pear-trees, and tried their voices for the first time in the open air.

The curate watched them with a paternal eye and the melancholy tenderness with which we often regard those who have cost us dear.

"Well, my little ones," he said at last, "but for me you would not be here, and but for you I should be priest of the canton. I do not regret anything, mind you, only do not be so insistent; your gratitude is too noisy."

As he spoke he clapped his hands impatiently.

He never had been ambitious, and he spoke the truth now. Still, the next day, after a night of disturbed sleep, while chatting with Philomène, he remarked:

"If the tomtit comes back next year, let me know. It is troublesome, decidedly so."

But the tomtit never came again; neither did the letter bearing the stamp of the Bishop's seal.

A Thanksgiving

By Margaret Wentworth

For love and life and light and health and ease,
For work, success, and hope, for power to please,
For conscience clear, for faith without alloy,
For common share in common human joy,
I thank Thee, gracious God!

For loneliness and shadow, sickness, care,
For failure, doubt, remorse, death, and despair,
For sleepless nights, for aching heart and brain,
For common share in common human pain,
I thank Thee, gracious God!

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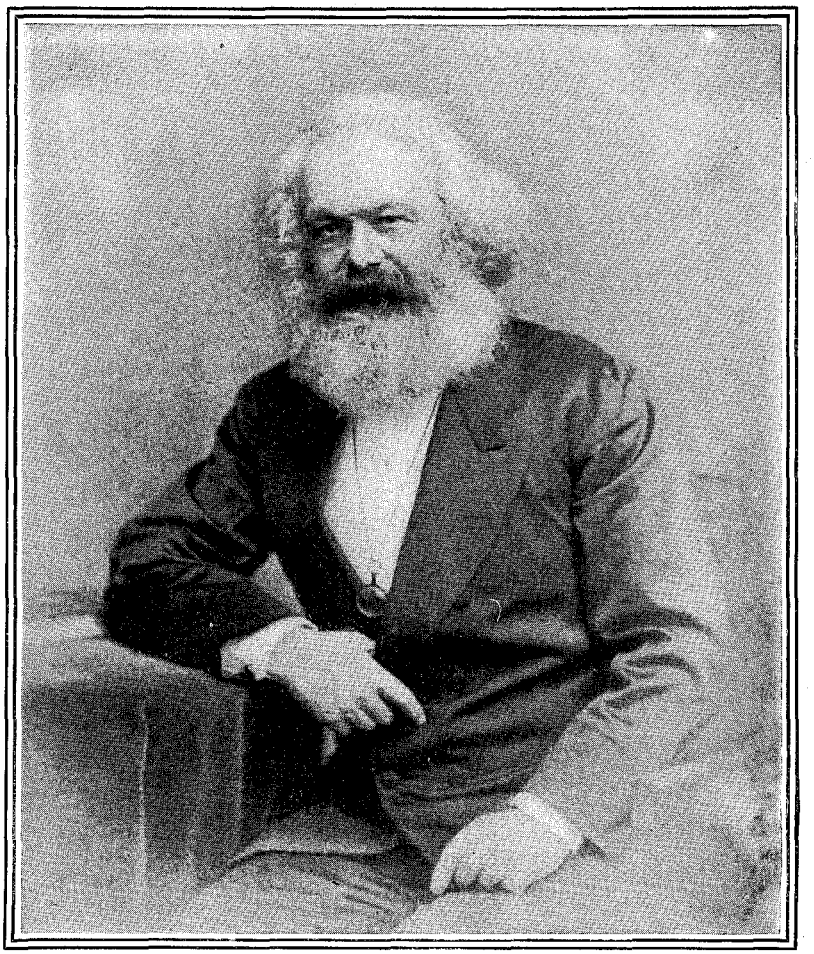

KARL MARX

Some German Social Democrats

By Edward A. Steiner

I HAD just been in the Imperial Palace, had passed the magnificent monument of William the Great, and was filled by the thought of the Hohenzollerns' power and their glory, when I came to a store in front of which a number of people had congregated to look at the books and pictures displayed there. The building was one of the many barrack-like structures which fill so many of Berlin's streets, and the store an ordinary book-shop; yet I found that this place, with its books and newspapers, seemed of more importance to a large portion of Germany's population than the Palace with its gorgeous rooms and circling monuments. It is the headquarters of the Social Democratic party; the brain, if not the soul, of the gigantic and important movement. In the rear of the building are the editorial rooms, and thither I went somewhat hesitatingly. Climbing a rickety stairway and knocking at the first door I reached, at the somewhat peremptory "Herein!" I entered, and found myself face to face with a genial, jovial-looking man, about forty-five years of age, who proved to be a no less interesting personage than Dr. Kunert, a Social Democratic representative, and the attorney

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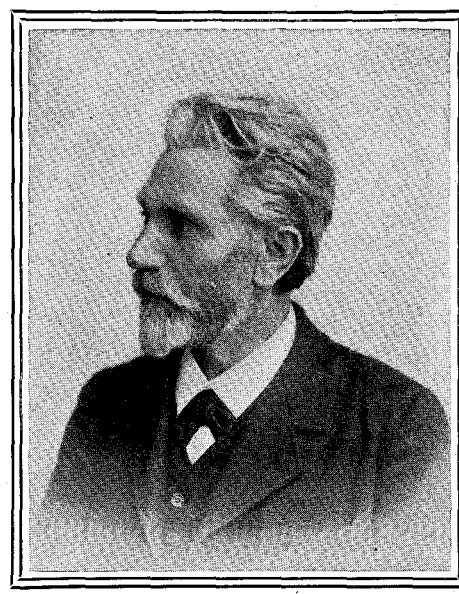
of the party in Berlin. His face is very winning, his voice resonant and musical, and he seemed ready to answer any questions which I put to him, "My business here," he said in answer to my question, "is to keep the 'Vorwärts,' our organ, from being confiscated, and to keep its editors out of prison. It is only by keeping as closely to the law as possible that we are able to exist at all, and this means constant vigilance." While he was speaking, proof-sheets were handed to him, and the blue pencil danced rather freely over the already badly mutilated pages. "These proofs have already passed the Old Man's [*Des Altens*] critical eyes, and yet I found enough black ink on here to confiscate the paper, and bring a severe threat of imprisonment, at least, against the editor. The Old Man will bluster about like a thunderstorm when he sees my work, but I am used to it and it must be done.



AUGUST BEBEL

"Is that all I have to do? Well, just wait a minute." There was a knock at the door, and in came an individual whom you would have marked as "queer" wherever you might have met him; he related his tale of woe. He had just come from prison, and every name on the calendar of Heaven's fallen angels was invoked against the unjust judge, against the police, and against all police-ridden Prussia. He didn't want anything, but had come just to let off his pent-up wrath, for this was the only place in the Empire where he could do so with safety. He certainly uttered enough maledictions against his Majesty to send him to prison for the rest of his natural life. Hardly had he been soothed by a few well-chosen remarks, such as "Heroes must suffer," and "Martyrs we must have," when in came a woman, of uncertain age, strong-featured, ill-dressed, and noisy; evidently the new woman of Germany. She proved to be a forewoman in a factory, and she came to consult the Doctor about her lover, who was languishing in jail, and with whom the police authorities refused her an interview. From her conversation I inferred that they had lived together out of wedlock, and after she had gone I expressed my surprise at such a state of affairs; to which the Doctor laughingly replied, "You must live somewhere in the backwoods to be astonished at that; we are beginning to be astonished if they get married. No, I can't give you any figures how many couples live that way, but nearly everybody has a mistress. They find it more convenient; they can both keep at work; the responsibilities are less, and when they get tired of each other they separate." The good Doctor was shocked at my Puritanic views on this subject, and, shrugging his shoulders, he said: "I knew that the American women were prudes, but I thought the men were more advanced than you seem to be." This brought us to the subject of religions. "Religion," he said, "with us is *Nebensache*. Some of our people, especially the women, go to church, but most of them do not attend church, and in the census are described as "*Confessionlos*."

At my question whether I could see Dr. Liebknecht, Dr. Kunert smiled and said: "If you want to meet the Old Man in his den, you may, but you do it at your peril." I took the risk, and, my knock at another door being answered by a thundering "Herein!" I entered, and found myself face to face with a man about sixty years of age, his features sharp and strong, his head covered by thick iron-gray hair, his eyes completely hidden under heavy eyebrows. He was coatless and collarless, but, after glancing at my card, he drew a coat from behind a door

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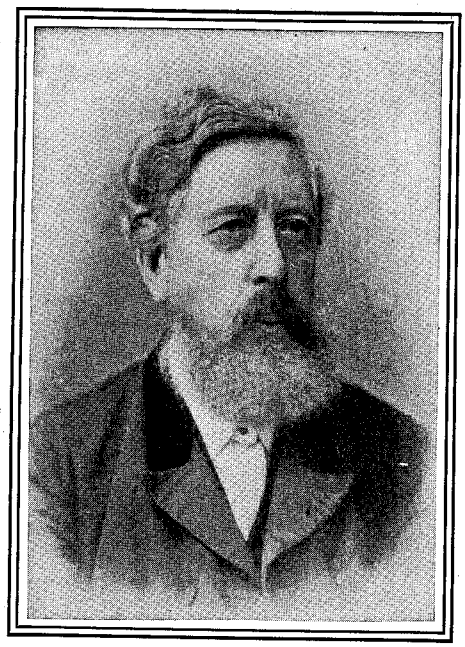

WILLIAM LIEBKNECHT

and put it on, in my honor, no doubt, but he seemed to say with every reluctant movement, "This is not my style." He completed his toilet by adding a paper collar which was past its immaculate period, and then, glaring at me, he growled: "*Now, what do you want?*" I was as silent as a post, and badly frightened, but, recovering myself, I gave him greetings from friends in America whom he had visited during his tour through our country, and then asked for the privilege of a brief interview, which was very reluctantly granted. "You Americans," he said, "come over here, look at me, nose around my back yard, and then go home and write long and learned articles on Social Democracy in Germany." Promising him that I would not imitate my predecessors, but just write something about the leaders of the movement, he interrupted me in my pretty little speech by saying: "We have no leaders; we are all equals." I did not dare to contradict him, so asked what he thought of the Social Democratic movement in America. "I can't tell you anything about it, but I have my opinions. You have about two-thirds of what we are fighting for. We want universal franchise. You have it, except, of course, female suffrage, which you partially have achieved. We can't vote until we are twenty-five years old, and then in a great many affairs our suffrage is dependent upon property. We want the separation of Church and State, and that does not trouble you. Your public schools are not under the influence of the Church, and we are struggling to gain that end."

Here I interposed a question: "What help do you get from the churches in your movement?"

PAUL SINGER

"They help us to be crushed!" he answered, and a wild fire glowed in his eye.

"In America," I replied, "there is a strong movement among Christian people in your direction; what do you think of it?"

"It is all nonsense; *ein Pfaff bleibt ein Pfaff* [a priest remains a priest], and we have no use for them."

I mentioned a few names of clergymen in Germany and in the United States who have thrown themselves into this movement, but they all seemed to be an offense to his ears. "Too much religion, too much religion!" he said; "we don't want anything to do with them." Dr. Kunert had said that religion was "Nebensache," a secondary matter, but Dr. Liebknecht said it was "Ursache," a cause of much of the suffering of the poor. He waved his arms wildly at my protestations, so I was silenced, and started on another still more unfortunate track. "How true is it," I said, "that your party is divided, and that there are a radical and a conservative wing?" "There is no truth in it," he

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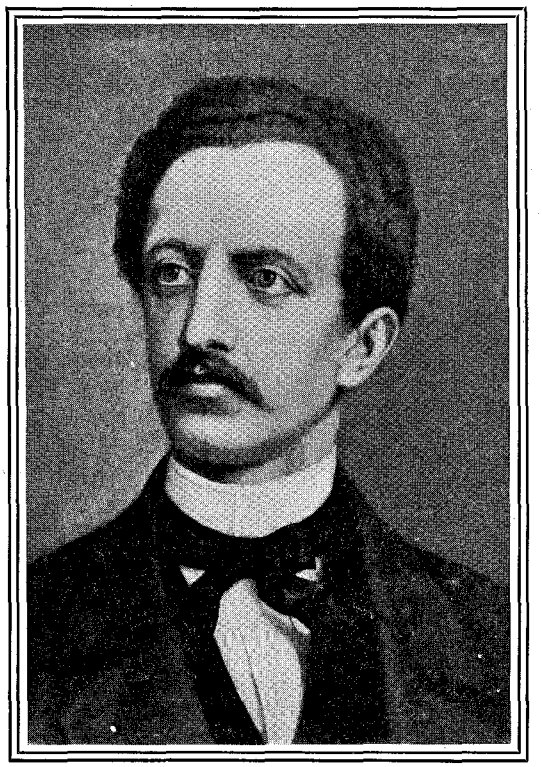
said, with vehemence; "it's just newspaper lies." I was not satisfied with his answer, and heard from Mr. Bebel, whom I interviewed later, that there are two wings, one a democratic, the other a purely socialistic wing, and that Dr. Liebknecht is the leader of the radical party, and much chagrined because at every annual Congress it receives a check from the stronger conservatives. Dr. Liebknecht pulled off his irksome coat, threw it behind the door, unbuttoned his paper collar, and the interview was over.

I went away envying the man who really could come near to this lion, for I felt always as if he were the monarch in a cage, and all that I could do was to look at him. He is a powerful personality; looks like a leader of men, and no doubt is a dangerous enemy to the monarchy and to militarism. Leaving the editorial rooms, I ventured into the business office, where, bent over a crude and untidy desk, sat the manager, Mr. Fisher, also coatless and collarless, and even my card failed to restore the missing articles to their places, as in the case of Dr. Liebknecht. He looked, also, much fiercer, was unkempt and altogether untidy—a showy sort of untidiness. He seemed to be made up to play the tramp in some play, although I may misjudge the man, and dirt may be natural to him. To my civil questions he scarce gave an answer, and I gave him up as much the toughest task I had yet undertaken. A large number of queer-looking people crowded around the store-room, where tracts, books, and pictures lay upon tottering shelves in wild confusion. After making a few purchases, I left the headquarters of this powerful Social Democracy in rather a dejected mood. My feelings in this matter are of little importance, but the poverty and the dirt offended me more than those things usually do. I can stand the genuine article, but this made-up affair gave me an uncomfortable feeling, and I went away unable to say what I often have said, "It is well with these masses because they have great leaders." Coming in touch with other Social Democrats away from Berlin, I saw matters in a rosier hue, for I found among them a tendency to swing away from the Socialism of Marx and Lassalle, and a leaning, if only a faint, almost imperceptible one, to a more ethical Socialism; which tendency I believe to be growing, and which manifests itself in a large number of pamphlets and books, especially the dramas of Hauptmann and Sudermann.



FERDINAND LASSALLE

[As Mr. Steiner's article is a personal narrative of experiences in visiting some of the German Socialists of to-day, it naturally does not include any account of Karl Marx or Lassalle. It has seemed to the editors worth while, however, to include with Mr. Steiner's narrative portraits of Karl Marx, the leader and founder of German Socialism, and of Ferdinand Lassalle, the founder of the German Social Democratic movement. Marx died in London in 1883. His career as a radical and a Socialist covers over forty years, during which he carried on his editorial and lecturing work in Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Cologne, and London. It was in London in 1864 that he founded the International Society. Lassalle was banished from Berlin in 1848 for his share in the revolutionary riots, became a State Socialist about 1862, and from that time constantly agitated for State intervention in the wages question. He died in 1864, oddly enough as the result of a duel.—THE EDITORS.]

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The Story of Rajah Brooke

[The following account of the adventures and successes in Borneo of the famous Rajah Brooke is taken from Mr. Stephen Bonsal's book "The Golden Horseshoe," by special permission of the publishers, the Macmillan Company, of New York. The narrative purports to be told to an American officer and an American journalist ("Jim"), by Father Gregory, a French priest long resident in the interior of Borneo. The "P——s" referred to in the narrative are English residents of the Borneo interior, the nearest white neighbors of Father Gregory, although five hundred miles distant from his station. We reprint it here both because of its intrinsic interest as a true and dramatic story and because it illustrates the effective, if rough-and-ready, ways in which Anglo-Saxon civilization has been in some cases introduced among savage races.—THE EDITORS.]

"FIFTY years ago a young Englishman, with a fair amount of money, and plenty of time lying idle on his hands, conceived the idea of spending both the one and the other in cruising along the Borneo coast, shooting and fishing, and collecting orchids for his conservatory, and heads for an anthropological museum. While doing so he was hospitably received and entertained in his floating palace, or kraton, by the last Malay rajah of Sarawak. The host on this occasion is still remembered in Borneo as a very worthy old gentleman, though, strangely enough, as he came of the strain of fighting Malays, he was not a warrior. The people of Sarawak at this time were living in daily terror of their head-hunting neighbors, who had a custom which, by the way, though it will not perhaps so strike you at first, corresponds with one of our own usages in the Western world. With us in France, and I believe also in England and America, a young man of a certain walk in life is not regarded with approval by his elders if he should marry before he has secured a degree of some kind from a university. The Dyaks have the same general feeling, though they achieve their manhood in a different way. Your Dyak, before he can make any proposition of this nature to the father of marriageable daughters, must return from the war to the village which is his home with the gory head of an enemy slung over his shoulder. But to return to my story. At the time when Brooke arrived, the people of Sarawak, owing to the weakness of their chief, had been for some time past, much against their will, furnishing the heads that were required by their Dyak neighbors when contemplating matrimony. While Brooke was enjoying the new world and studying the men and manners of the strange civilization into which he had strayed on his roving cruise, a tribe of savage Dyaks made a more serious raid than usual into Sarawak. They came in larger force, and they committed more cold-blooded murders than ever before, and the people were in despair.

"This time, encouraged by Brooke and his white companions, who were keen for the lark and promised assistance, the old rajah stiffened his back and declared a holy war against all the Dyaks who would not marry without first committing murder, so this declaration included both the Land Dyaks and the Sea Dyaks, as well as those tribes which are amphibious. The result was that the Dyaks received a severe defeat, which was due, of course, in a great measure, to the death-dealing rifles of the strangers. In one of the last encounters, however, and before the rajah had an opportunity to enjoy the fruits of his victory, he was wounded by a poisoned arrow from a blowpipe. The old Malay chief was childless. The heads of the children that had grown up to manhood in his floating palace had long since served to decorate the marriage feasts of the savages. Seeing that he was dying, the rajah called about him his Datus and faithful supporters, and said that it was his wish to adopt the white man of war as his son, so that he might, by due process of Malay law, designate him as his successor. Hemmed in as they were on every side by warlike savages, this remnant of a noble race was only too glad to accept the leadership of the white man; they had seen Brooke's prowess in war, and in his presence among them they saw their only salvation. So there was no objection, and the young Englishman was chosen rajah by acclamation. And so it came about that he took up his abode and began to deal out 'unequal laws unto a savage race,' as your English poet sings,

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at the same time defending his own vigorously, until, little by little, the attacks of the Dyaks became less frequent, and soon they ceased altogether. By bitter experience they had learned that it was not healthy to go head-hunting within the boundaries of Sarawak.

"Brooke, long since deserted by his companions, who, thinking he was carrying the joke too far, had gone back to India and home, relieved now from the pressure from without, turned his attention to the internal affairs of the country that had come into his possession. He approached these questions with the same vigor and singleness of purpose that he had brought to the knotty foreign problems. But at first his efforts were not rewarded with the same success. He found his Malay subjects very indifferent to money matters. In fact, as far as money went, like all the other inhabitants of the islands of the ocean who have not remained, like the Sea Dyaks and Bajous, in a state of utter savagery, they were completely in the hands of the 'baboos,' or roving Chinese traders, who exercise the money power over all these seas and archipelagoes and so own the people body and soul. After having studied the situation, Brooke decided to deal with the Chinese financiers fairly and squarely, but at the same time he proposed to protect the childish Malays from the rapacity of the 'baboos,' of whom it is proverbial that if a man but borrow an ounce of silver or a pound of coffee, they will never let him go until they have stripped him of all he possesses, including often his wives and his children. The way Brooke decided to stop these abuses was manly and frank, but it was not politic. The Chinese 'baboos' were called into the kraton, and informed once for all that their day of unlimited power was over. The rajah announced that all the monopolies which they had acquired, both upon exports and imports, would be extinguished as they fell in, and that henceforward there would be a legal rate of interest, and capital punishment for any one who practiced usury. Of course the 'baboos' protested that they would be ruined, and, equally of course, they made all manner of propositions to the new rajah to divide with him the money they could 'squeeze' from his simple-minded subjects. Brooke's only reply was to sternly dismiss them with a warning to sin no more. The 'baboos' were loth to lose Sarawak, which had been for a long time one of the most lucrative of the places subject to their plunder, so they determined to resort even to violence rather than change their practices.

"A few nights later, when most of the able-bodied men of Sarawak were away upon the islands drying copra, the Chinese, armed to the teeth, attacked and overpowered the guards of the kraton. The palace was taken completely by surprise, and the guards were killed at their posts. But their resistance, however short, served to give the alarm, and when the murderous crew attempted to penetrate still further into the kraton, Brooke stood there ready to receive them, and shot them down, one after another, as fast as they came up. Seeing their comrades falling upon every side, the 'baboos' drew back to take counsel, in the meantime surrounding the palace with a cordon of men on shore and a line of canoes along the river front. Smarting under their repulse, they were not slow in reaching a second resolution, even more diabolical than had been their first. Creeping up under the cover of darkness, they set on fire the bamboo tinder-box which was Brooke's palace and court of justice in one. As the flames sprang high up in the air, they could not contain their shouts of triumph; but, as the event proved, they little knew the energy and determination of the man they had to deal with. Brooke now tossed aside his rifle, a weapon of uncertain value in the darkness, and at close quarters, and armed only with a stout Malay kriss, he made a dash for the river. One after another, he struck down the opposing Chinese, and then dove for dear life down the banks and into the dark waters. He swam for as long as he could under water, coming to the surface only when it was absolutely necessary to breathe, and before morning his strong arm, and the current of the river, carried him many miles beyond his pursuers, who indeed were satisfied that he had been drowned at the first plunge. Exhausted and worn out by his exertion, as the sun rose, Brooke pulled himself out of the river and sank unconscious among the reeds of the bank. He lay there several days, delirious with fever, before at last he was discovered

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by a Malay fisherman. This man was not of the Sarawak tribe, but he had heard of the rajah's kindness to his people, and he knew that he was suffering because he had tried to curb the greed of the Chinese. So he carried the rajah to his hut, where he made a bed of bamboo for him, and made it comfortable to lie upon with layers of plantain leaves. He then sent a swift messenger in a prau out to the copra islands to tell the men of Sarawak how villainously the Chinese, during their absence, had used their lord. Now, had Brooke been what I believe you call a 'carpet-bagger,' had he been simply staying among these people for his own selfish ends, the Malays would have rejoiced at his overthrow and humiliation, and joined in with the Chinese in their celebration of his death—for the 'baboos' never for one moment imagined that the rajah had come out of the river alive."

"That would have been the natural and logical course for them to pursue," said Jim, who was following the priest's story with great interest. "Now tell us what they did do."

"Well, first they came stealing softly to the little hut in the jungle, where Brooke lay raving in his delirium, and there they did him reverence as though he had been a god; and, indeed, toward them he had acted as no man in this world had acted before. They swore revenge upon their krisses, and, leaving a guard to watch over him, paddled swiftly, under the cover of night, up the dark river, where the canoes move noiselessly and leave no trail. Then they surrounded the ruined kraton, where the 'baboos,' drunk with samshoo and rice wine, were making merry over the overthrow of the protector of the Malays.

". . . Some days later, when Brooke was able to move about, they brought him up the river in a barge which had once been the flagship of the old sea-rovers of Brunei. Two or three days had sufficed for the men of Sarawak to build upon the ruins of the old kraton a larger and a more commodious residence for their chief; and as he passed from the landing-stage to the entrance, Brooke walked through an avenue of bamboo poles upon which were stuck the shriveled heads of the 'baboos' who had sought to lay hands upon the sacred person of the White Raj."

"He must have treated them fair and square, right from the start," burst out Jim, enthusiastically. "Well, I am glad he escaped the highbinders."

"He did, indeed, and the proof that it was so is to be found in their subsequent treatment of him," continued the priest. "Neither then, as you will gather from their punishment of the 'baboos,' or at the present day, have the Rajah Brookes, uncle and nephew, been able to obtain acceptance of that Christian doctrine which inculcates loving-kindness to those who despitefully use us. This miracle has not been accomplished among the Malays anywhere, not even in Sarawak; but, short of this, the Brookes have worked wonders. For fifty years they have ruled over the little satrapy, and it has grown and prospered mightily, not because the Brookes took advantage of their superior strength and grabbed adjoining territory, but simply because the surrounding tribesmen, who were living in a state of anarchy, saw that under the White Raj's rule they were safe from their enemies without, and would be protected in all their rights, religious as well as tribal. So one after another the chiefs and sultans came in and made their submission, and in this way was formed that confederacy of the Malays which, under the intelligent guidance of the white rajah, has become such a powerful instrument for the protection and the preservation of a race which had seemed upon the point of vanishing from the face of the earth."

"And what did Rajah Brooke get out of the job?" inquired Jim, with that terrible bluntness, not to use a more severe word, of which you know something.

The P——s flushed up hotly, while the priest paused as though he did not quite understand the question; then he began.

"I will tell you what he got out of it. Before this job turned up, Brooke was a gentlemanly vagrant; and it gave him an object in life. Before he came to Borneo he was spending a large portion of his income upon the improvement of the race-horse and the coursing greyhound. It was his chance meeting with the Rajah Muda Hassim and what came of it that suggested to him the idea of leaving the brute creation, for a time at least, to their own devices, and to assume the nobler and more difficult mission to the Malays.

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He now spent his income, and indeed a large portion of his fortune, in works of improvement, and in schools, and in law courts, and in bringing out English teachers to help turn his people from their savage ways."

"And how does he get his dollars back?" said Jim, still insisting upon the business aspects of the job in a way that made me kick at him savagely under the table.

"He doesn't get them back, and he doesn't want to. The old rajah used to thank God and the Malays for the opportunity that had been given him for a long life crowded with useful work, and that is all, and enough too—at least so he thought. He gets his coal very cheaply from the coal-fields, which, by the way, he discovered and taught the natives the value of; and, thanks to the high esteem in which the neighboring chiefs have held the white rajahs, both uncle and nephew, they have been able to form the most remarkable collection of krisses and other Malay weapons in the world, which they receive from time to time from their friends and allies as presents. With these exceptions, and a few other rights which the Malays and the Dyaks alike have insisted upon because it was the old custom, the present Rajah Brooke has not received enough out of his Asiatic satrapy of Sarawak to pay the running expenses of the yacht in which he prowls around the coast and up the dark, mysterious rivers of his broadening land, seeing to it that none of his foreign assistants and residents depart from that line of just dealing with the natives which was laid down in the beginning by his uncle.

"No," repeated the priest, with emphasis, and with a look which I preferred to see directed toward Jim rather than to myself, "he has coined no dollars, but he has done a noble work; more than any man he has contributed to the spread of civilization throughout Malaysia. Borneo is a great island, practically a continent, and of course the light of humanity which radiates from Sarawak does not advance with the rapidity of a prairie fire; and if it were artificially fed or fanned, there would be wars and revolutions, for there are no people more tenacious of the old customs and attached to the things that have been than the Malays. But if it is true that head-hunting is diminishing, and is in many places quite unknown, and that the sacrament of marriage is not defiled by the shedding of blood in Borneo to-day, the credit belongs almost exclusively to the White Raj. And if it is true that the ship-wrecked sailors of our race who are cast up by the sea, and were formerly roasted and eaten, or at all events put to death with the most horrible torture, are now hospitably received and cared for, and sent to some port from which they can be shipped home, it is again all due to the firm but just rule of the Brookes.

"Sixty years ago the islands of Borneo and New Guinea, the largest islands in the world, were about on the same plane of civilization or savagery. Perhaps the Borneo tribes were more fierce; certainly they were more far-reaching in their depredations; indeed, within the memory of men now living, the Sultan of Brunei kept his piratical praus hovering off Singapore and in the Strait of Johore, on the lookout for sailing vessels to plunder and burn. To-day the people of New Guinea still remain savages pure and simple, while the people of Borneo, Dyaks and Malays as well, are beginning, according to the measure of their strength, to contribute to the well-being of the world. If it be true, as it is—I can vouch for that—that throughout the continent of Borneo a white man's word carries more weight than a yellow man's promise or his bond; if the prestige of our race has risen immeasurably, as it has, primarily, and in the main, the credit belongs to that young Englishman who came to Borneo after big game and orchids, and stayed there to do greater things."

The priest had finished his story and walked away slowly down the veranda, with a soft, noiseless tread, well before we knew it. His last earnest words had cast a subtle spell upon us. There were tears in Mr. P——'s eyes as he turned and said:

"The old rajah was carried to England and buried there. Whenever I think of him, of where he is taking his rest, under the old burial-mound which stands, according to the custom of the Saxons, on the shore of the sea, the words of the old chronicle that tell of the burial of Beowulf ring in my ears. 'There, then, they wrought a mound on the steep which high was and broad, for the sea-goers to see

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from afar. Then around the mound the battle brave rode, their king bewailing, and many things say, esteeming his bravery and his valiant works. His hearth-enjoyers said that he was of world-kings the greatest, and of men the kindest.'"

A Typical Life

By George A. Gordon

CHRIST'S parable of the man with one talent is apt to excite pity for poor endowment, as if that meant meager incentive for righteousness. Even the man with two talents, in comparison with the possessor of five talents, seemed to be hopelessly overshadowed, and to that extent disabled for high service. The zest of existence comes to be identified with the possession of genius. The possibility of a noble, self-remunerating life for the mass of mankind is in danger of being denied, if not in words, in feeling, which is far more disastrous.

The force for repelling this attack upon the teaching of Jesus is found within the parable assailed. Upon close examination it will be found that self-gratulation is excluded from the foremost man as rigidly as it is from his less gifted brother. Both have been faithful over only "a few things." Measured against the Infinite, genius itself is as nothing. And the largest intellect is likely to be the readiest to feel the incommensurateness between achievement and ideal, power and possibility, the finiteness of man and the infinitude of God. The greatest man is apt to be the first to abandon the untenable ground of personal distinction and enduring fame as the fortress of character. Sooner than others the moral genius discovers that no soul can survive there. The relations that constitute the common framework of human life, the universal duties and privileges that rise out of them, the opportunities for service and suffering in the interest of ideal ends which are set before all, the faith and the hope and the love which are for mankind, are the supreme incentive alike for the humblest and the greatest man.

The purpose of this article is to present a striking and memorable example of this truth. It will describe in the briefest way one of the most gifted men of his generation, and the chief sources of his incentive, in order to make it plain that these sources are open to every reader of The Outlook.

Dr. George W. Field, who passed away in his beautiful home in Bangor, January 10, was in many respects a man of the highest endowment and cultivation, of the noblest power and the very best kind of influence; and yet it is questionable whether a hundred readers of The Outlook beyond New England know anything about him. To find a man of this stamp, regardless of a place in the public eye, consecrating wonderful abilities to the work before him, and discovering in this consecration, which is open to all, the source of a singularly happy life, affords an insight into the essential fountains of motive that should count for much.

Dr. Field was a devout lover of nature. His senses were exquisitely acute for her varied and wondrous colors, her notes of grief and gladness, her many aspects and moods. There was, indeed, a translation of nature, through eyes and ears, into the character of his intelligence and feeling. He made no ado about this love and its constant influence. He simply went the way of faithful and loving service, taking his gift of insight into nature, his sympathy with her, his passionate appreciation of her sublime and beautiful forms, as an education and a solace.

Here is the first lesson of such a career. Nature is apt to mean nothing æsthetically if one cannot make poems about her and have them published, if one cannot paint pictures of her and get them exhibited. There is a deeper purpose in the love of nature than that. Nature is for health, recreation, wondrously varied refreshment, indefinable stimulus, constant happiness rising occasionally into ineffable joy. Let the readers of The Outlook, therefore, when the next Vacation Number comes of the paper that they prize, think anew of this primary and human ministry of

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nature; and let them regard the gift of appreciation of woods and hills and seas and streams and stars as chiefly the beautiful priestess of a rich and tender humanity.

Dr. Field was a man of the brightest wit and of the happiest sense of humor. All subjects came to him sparkling in the light of one or the other of these powers. There will doubtless be some memorial of this precious endowment of the man. Known as a man of the most fearless courage and uncompromising convictions, when only two years ago he faced in his own city a conservative audience with a radical paper upon the Bible, the inimitable irony with which he wrought his hearers into a mood ready to receive anything which he might choose to give them can never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to be present. He represented himself as the most cowardly of creatures, as always halting between two opinions, perpetually trying to be upon both sides of every question, with the forlorn hope of thus pleasing all his friends; and he begged his hearers who might be disturbed by his radicalism to remember, for their comfort, that before he got through his address he would be back into the obsoletest conservatism. In the midst of several very radical passages he paused, looked the audience in the face with an expression of infinite mock regret, said that he had intended to be conservative, but that he had gone so far in the other direction that he could not find the way back. A hundred instances of the rich and varied play of this gift could be cited, but the point to be made is, Dr. Field's humor was primarily for life. It was one great source of his sweetness and mental sanity. It supported his patience and confirmed his optimism. It gave him true perspective as a preacher, because it stood him in excellent stead as a man. His irony was the genial way of his fine intelligence in scattering absurdities and clearing the faith and life of his friends of useless impedimenta. His wit shone upon the confused ways of men, and it let in light and cheer with every flash.

Incessantly liable to depression owing to an excessive humility and an inevitable and yet unreasonable sense of the futility of his best efforts, his humor again came to his relief. While settled in Boston more than forty years ago, one Sunday, returning from an exchange of pulpits with a brother minister, he chanced to meet the late Secretary Alden, who said to him: "Brother Field, you look utterly disconsolate: what have you been preaching about?" The reply was: "I have been preaching about the infinite love of God, and I am overwhelmed with shame as I think of the infinite poverty of my endeavor. Brother Alden, you look so happy: what have you been preaching about?" The Secretary's answer was: "Oh, I preached to-day on everlasting punishment." The ludicrous incongruity of this contrast became to the depressed preacher of the gospel of infinite love a saving grace for many a day.

It was this precious gift of humor that saved him at the beginning of his career from a brutal remark that otherwise would have paralyzed him. Being of small stature and of frail appearance, and apt to get very much exhausted with preaching, his first sermon was greeted by the terrible comment from a member of the congregation who passed for an infallible judge: "Brother Field, I do not think there will be any woe upon you if you do not preach the Gospel." But the marvelous humor of the sensitive man of genius was more than a match for the brutal critic; and the wound that his criticism was intended to inflict became the cleft in the rock through which issued an endless stream of amusement.

Humor, then, is primarily a gift, not for literature, but for life. It is the relieving perspective in the midst of the absurd relations created by ambition, egotism, passion; the sane light that enables one to distinguish the essential from the unessential, the incidental weakness from the fundamental strength of mankind; the shield that catches and quenches all the fiery darts of depreciation and malice; one of the great and benign forces that God has given men for use in life.

Dr. Field's love of literature was part of his being. His knowledge of the great literary masterpieces was extensive and thorough. Especially in the Greek drama and in French and English letters was he deeply versed. His own style was inimitably rich and idiomatic. It resembled a fine tree in its living force, in its symmetry, in its evolution from the strength

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of the massive body to the grace and delicacy of twig and stem and leaf. He was a deep, original, and wonderfully versatile thinker, and his sermons, for substance, composition, and eloquence, were unsurpassed. He had a passionate interest in political life, in education, in science, in all that concerns the complex welfare of the community. And, again, his joy was in bringing all his powers to the happy service of these ends. He would not have tolerated the idea that he had any exceptional gift or attainment; but he would have confessed that whatever of happiness he had drawn from his powers and activities had come to him through the surrender of the best that was in him in reverent ministry to the needs of his fellow-men.

Here the lesson is fundamental. Literature is one monumental expression of life; and it is abused if it is not used primarily as the servant of life. It is turned into mockery when it is employed chiefly for ornamentation or display. The great and difficult art of style, whether in writing or in speech, is far from wasted when it is held simply for conversation, or for the address or essay whose audience is limited. Profound and original intelligence need not go far afield to find worthy acts. Human ignorance stands begging for light at its doors. Eloquence is not without incentive when it is restricted in opportunity or denied wide recognition. The kingdom of man is large; and any nature equipped with insight and true meanings, thrilled with deep and holy passion, directed by high and invincible purpose that speaks to any section or province of that kingdom, is a great voice, and it performs a self-remunerating service.

Such was the life that has here been used as a text from which to draw comfort for other gifted souls who seem to play but a small part in the world, and for the ungifted for whom the great motives exist in all their richness and fullness. He, like his Master, went about doing good; and, like his Master, he charged those to whom he had brought every kind of help that they should tell no man. Charity, kindness, the relief of want, the giving of sympathy, was with him a golden secret. He found an unspeakable inspiration and solace in doing good by stealth, in wiping out every visible evidence that he had done the worthy deed. It was excessive, but the mood shows what infinite charm lies in the compassionate act, in the pure exercise of Christian living.

In hundreds of pulpits throughout the land, in academies and colleges, in mission fields at home and the ends of the earth, there are men and women who will carry the precious tradition of this great and beautiful life with them to their grave. Its range, originality, depth, humor, tenderness, and silent self-devotion, all given with an inexpressible sense of privilege in a loving ministry to man, seem so beautiful and truly great.

The end was peace. "My dissatisfaction with my life is infinite. God is love; we will rest there." All gifts, all attainments given to life in a devout service wherever one happens to be placed in the great world, lead out into the interest beside which all conceit in ability, all complacency in achievement, and all pleasure in the prospect of fame seem to be infinitely trivial—the interest in the eternal, conserving, and perfecting love of the Supreme Life.

"Oh, not to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred;
Oh, give me a diviner name!
Call me thy servant, Lord!

In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
This is the name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity."

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